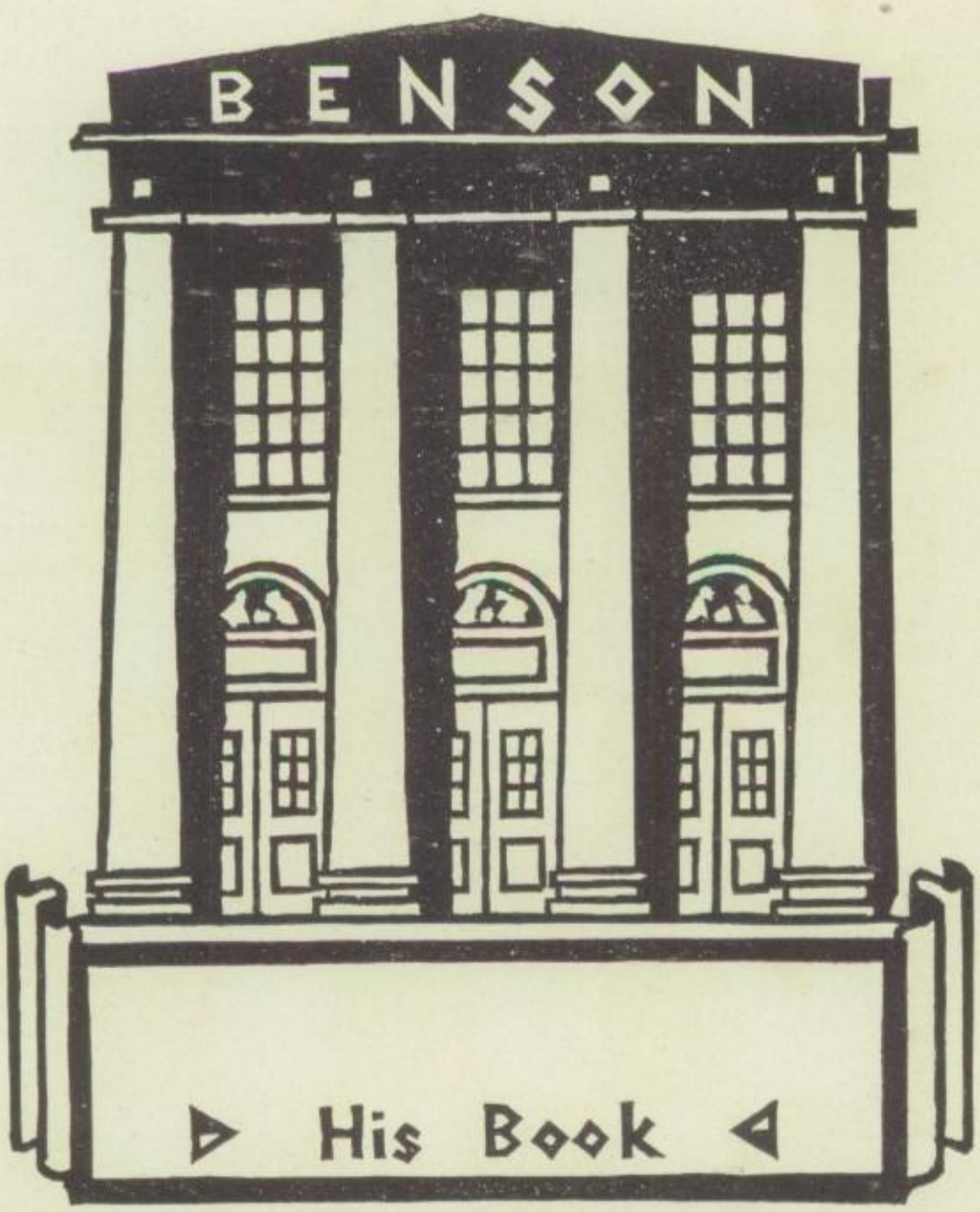
POLY TECH

JUNE NINETEEN THIRTY-ONE


BENSON
His Book

THE
POLY TECH

June 1931

PUBLISHED SEMI-ANNUALLY
BY THE SENIOR CLASS OF
BENSON POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL
PORTLAND, OREGON

Designed and Printed
by the Students of the Print Shop
Benson Polytechnic School
Portland, Oregon

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FOREWORD

Instead of the trite Lament

that usually occupies this space
in the customary high school annual
we have endeavored to break away from the old system
by printing a plain, straight-forward
introduction to our book.

In the first place we are not sorry that we are graduating. Why should we be? We aren't leaving our friends forever; we shall very likely see many of them in later years. Most of us will have chances to visit Benson and see our instructors. We are still unable to see anything to mourn about. We've been here a long time; three or four years may not seem long to the elderly man as he looks back on his youth, but to the school-boy it is a long time. There may be a few of us who don't want to leave, but the rest of us are anxious to try our luck in the business world or go on to college. Most of us always have liked Benson and always shall; we are neither happy nor sad over the fact that we are leaving Benson; we consider our parting a matter of course. Having spent our allotted time here we now continue on life's interesting journey, wondering what the future holds for us. Whether we go to college or to work, we shall remember this school and appreciate the training we have received here. Most of us will do our best to keep up the good name of Benson and prove to the people that its graduates are prepared to take their places in the world. In later years we shall want to look back on mostly happy school days and recall the joyous times we had. In order that we may do this, we have published this book, which we hope may also be of interest to the lower classmen, the future graduates, whose duty it will be, as it is ours, to continue to uphold the name of Benson. As we shall look back on the books published by the classes before us, the future graduates too may look back on our book.

MR. CHARLES E. CLEVELAND

Principal

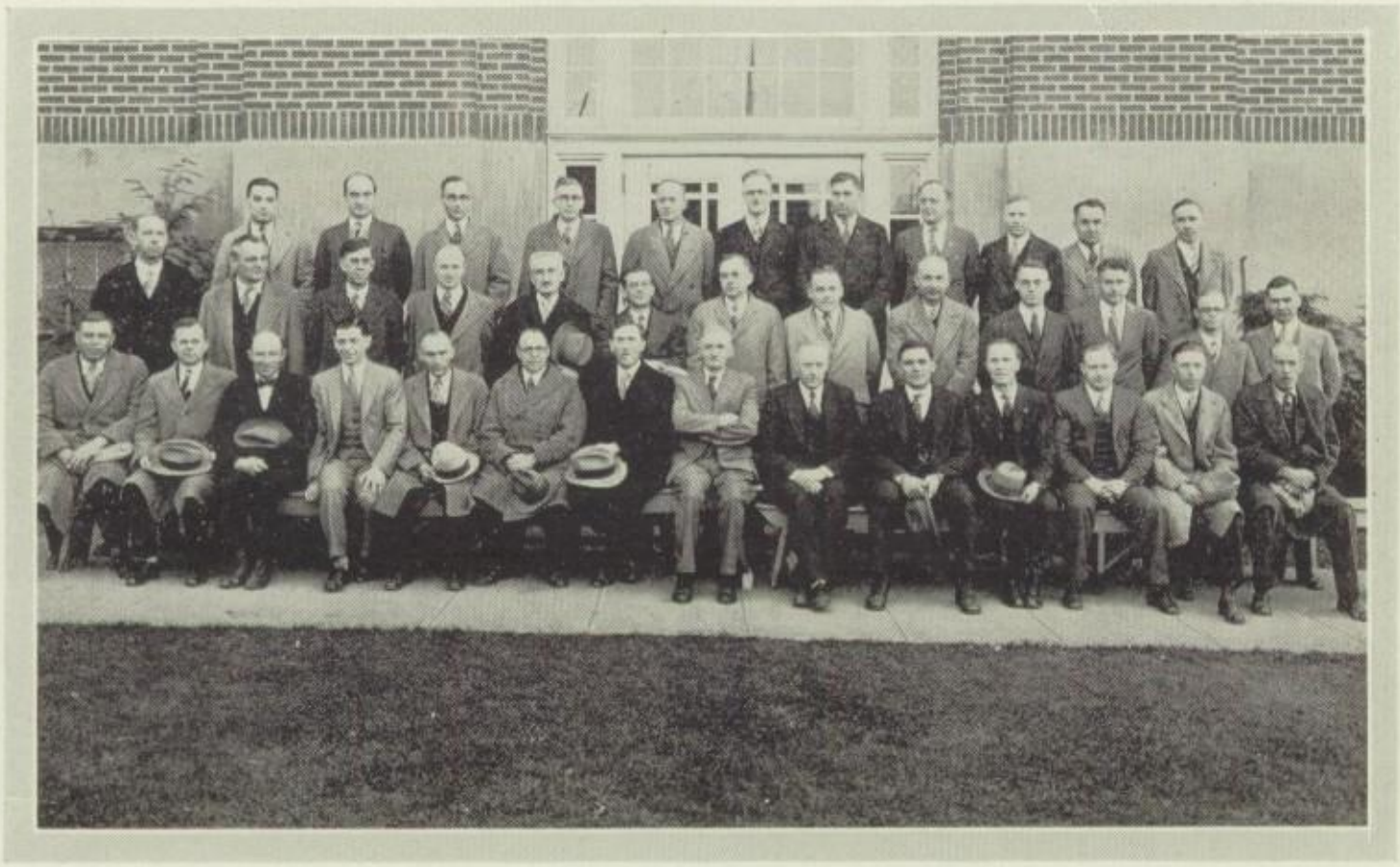
For the Past Few Years

our destinies have been largely in the hands of our instructors. In leaving Benson we realize that it is largely through their efforts that we are now qualified to continue our education or to fill our places in the world. They have helped us over the hard places, many of which were hard no doubt because of our lack of application. They have been patient with us; they have worked generously for our welfare; they have spurred us on when we would lag. On looking back we can see that we often made their work unnecessarily difficult. We are sorry we did so now, and we are grateful they didn't give up. Our hearts are filled with appreciation and gratitude for their untiring effort, and we will attempt to reward them with our conscientious employment of the knowledge they have given us to ensure our success. ∞ THE MAJORITY of high school students do not realize the value of an education, and their efforts at gaining one are not what they should be. However, when they are about to enter the great world of industry to make a place for themselves, they realize how valuable every little bit of preparation is. Those of us who go on to college, especially after working awhile, will show a different attitude toward learning. If only there were some way that we could make the under-classmen realize the importance of learning all they can while they have the splendid opportunity! Most of them receive this valuable advice, but only a small percentage of them take advantage of it; the rest of them afterward wish they had. ∞ OUR CLASS will add its plea that you who follow us may have a just appreciation and respect for your teachers, and may fully profit by their interest in you.

JAMES G. TONTZ
Vice-Principal

ACADEMIC INSTRUCTORS

Front row: Elizabeth M. Drummond, Jeannette Kletzing, Dale C. Thompson, Grace Hawkyard, Ruth A. Bennett, Martina H. Thiele, Vivian Patterson, Leola Craig, Marian Morton, Margaret Haight, Minnie M. Johnson, Edith Forbes, Vera Jamieson. Center row: William Schreiber, Alfred Skei, O. M. Washburn, T. A. Shotwell, L. L. Oldright, E. W. Lawrence, Adam F. Krieger, Fred A. Brainerd, Thomas P. Graham, O. T. Storli, Christina Holt. Back row: H. H. Hargreaves, Omar N. Bittner, M. E. Turner, Geo. F. Karnopp, Robert M. Hamill, R. T. Stephens, William Kletzer.



SHOP INSTRUCTORS

Front row: Geo. A. Urquhart, H. A. Lundquist, D. E. Holden, Jacob Dunkin, D. G. Wild, Michael Nielson, Alfred H. Smith, W. H. Hawtin, Geo. A. Willis, Charles Hadley, Joseph Hovde, Geo. C. Henriksen, Merle Moore, A. H. Tanner. Back row: Frank E. Battaglia, G. A. Cross, F. A. Beebe, E. E. Goehler, C. Messing, N. V. Jensen, W. D. Haskell, Oscar Holmquist, Ben J. Kuhns, W. D. Allingham, Geo. W. Morback. Center row: Edwin Widmer, C. J. Allison, C. C. Henderson, C. A. Klink, R. H. Harrison, Fred Strickland, E. A. Ruhl, Benj. J. Laney, G. H. Williams, W. A. Pearl, H. S. Buckman, Bert S. Sparks, C. M. Thomas.

A glance at the Class as it passes by

TELORE W. ABENDROTH
Course: Technical Printing. Date of Registration: Sept. 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Ore. Aug. 15, 1914.

Tech Pep Staff
First Aid
Cashiers
Band
Parliamentary Law Club
Poly Tech Staff
Class Play

ORRIS F. ALBERTSON
Course: Electric. Date of Registration: Jan. 1928. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Ore. Oct. 3, 1913

Electric Club

ROY A. ANDERSON
Course: Vocational Printing. Date of Registration: September 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Chicago, Illinois. September 15, 1912.

Cashier
First Aid
Oyer-un-gon Club
Fire Squad
Type Hi Club
Tech Pep Staff

BERTON BAILEY
Course: Tech Printing. Date of registration: Sept. 1927. Place of birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, April 8, 1914.

Type Hi Club
Poly Tech Editor

DONALD BAIRD
Course: Technical Mechanical. Date of Registration; September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, March 20, 1913.

HARRY L. BATES
Course: Voc. Gas Engine. Date of Registration: Sept. 1928. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Ore. June 2, 1914.

Cashier

VIRGIL BENHAM
Course: Technical Electric. Date of Registration: September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Coquille, Oregon, May 5, 1913.

CLARENCE BENSON
Course: Technical Electric. Date of Registration: September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Rose Lake, Idaho, July 13, 1912.

Minuteman
Executive Board
Orange B
Wrestling
Tennis
Secretary of the Student Body
Delegate to O. S. C.

MAXWELL FREDRICK BENO
Course: Tech Electric. Date of Registration: Sept. 1927 Place of Birth and Date: Middleton, Ore. Apr. 7, 1913.

Vice-president of the Oyer-un-gon Club
Electric Club

JAS. D. BERNARD
Course: Technical, Electrical. Date of Registration: Sept. 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Jennings Lodge, Ore. Sept. 10, 1913.

Oyer-un-gon Club
Cashier
Electric Club

CARL W. BOEHME
Course: Technical Machine. Date of Registration: Jan. 31, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Ore. Oct. 7, 1913.

VOLNEY BRIGGS
Course: Vocational Printing. Date of Registration: September, 1928. Place of Birth and Date: Grants Pass, Oregon, July 2, 1913.

Aviation Club

R. CARPENTER
Course: Technical Printing. Date of Registration: January, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Helena, Montana, June 19, 1913.

Type Hi Club
Parliamentary Law Club

HAROLD CARTER
Course: Voc. Gas Engine. Date of Registration: Sept. 6, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Willamina, Ore. May 4, 1913.

Camera Club
Fire Squad

DOMENICO CASCIATO
Course: Tech. Bldg. Const. Date of Registration: Sept. 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Ore. July 17, 1913.

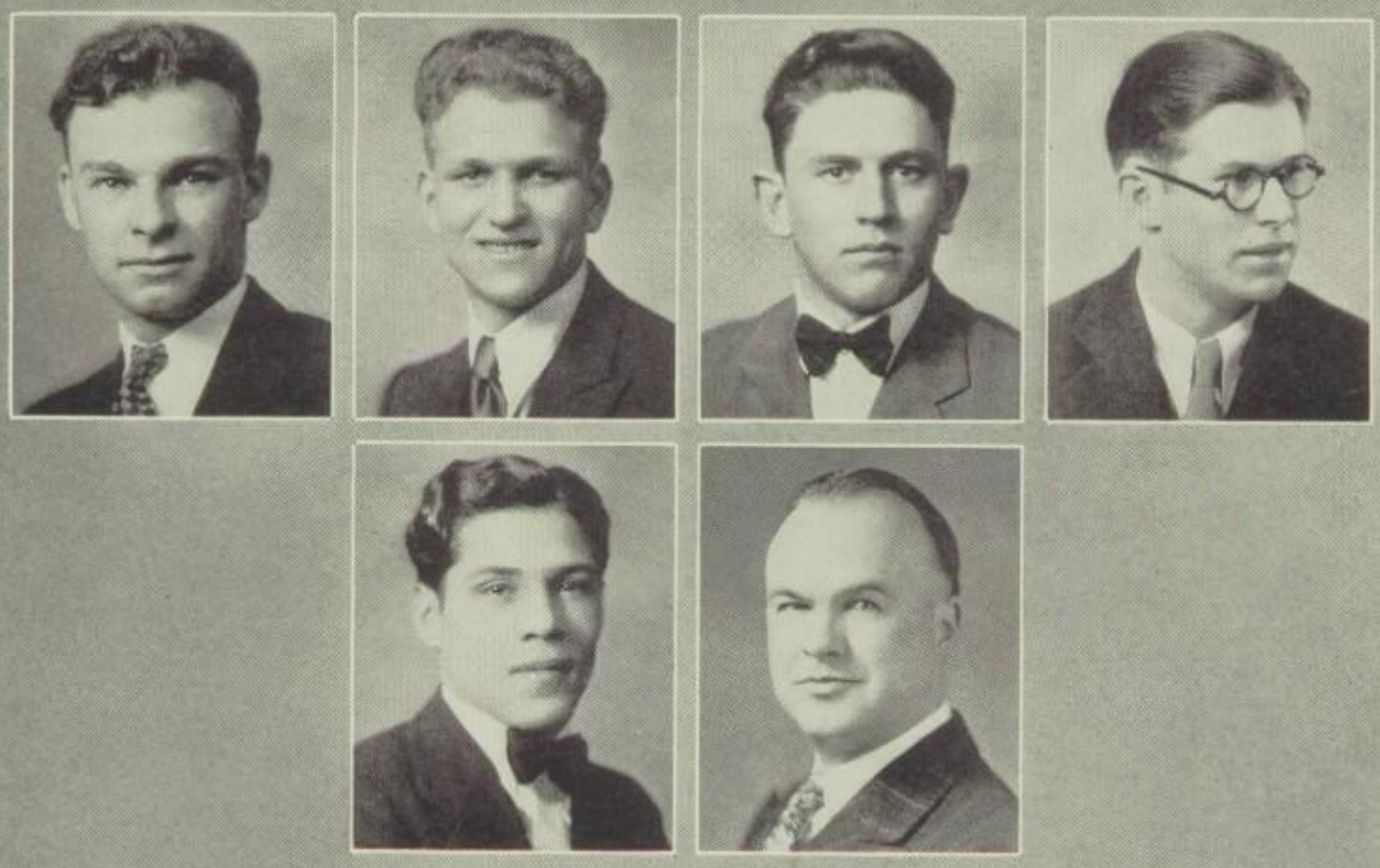
Rooters Club 1927
Architectural Club
Tech Pep Staff

JOSEPH CAVAGNA
Course: Voc. Gas Engine. Date of Registration: Sept. 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Ore. Feb. 8, 1914.

WALTER CHUNG
Course: Vocational Gas Engine. Date of Registration: February 14, 1928. Place of Birth and Date: Astoria, Oregon, September 24, 1911.

Automotive Engineers
Orange B
Basketball

CLASS OFFICERS



C. Holmes
President

S. Rolfsness
Vice President

L. Jones
Secretary

A. Myers
Treasurer

G. Goldsmith
Sergeant at Arms

Mr. Brainerd
Adviser

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Editor

V. Weber
Associate Editor

F. Rasor
Assistant Editor

T. Abendroth
Jokes

S. Hall
Manager

M. Woodruff
Advertising Manager

S. Langoe
Asst. Adv. Manager

Abendroth	Bailey	Baird	Benham	Beno
Benson	Bernard	Carpenter	Casciato	Boehme
Christenson	Criswell	Costley	Cox	Conlee
Deil	Davidson	Dawson	Dicus	Dick
Doughty	Ebelmesser	Fosbury	Evans	Edson

THEODORE CHRISTENSON
Course: Technical Mechanical. Date of Registration: September 7, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, 1913.

Oyer-un-gon Club
Cashier
Science Club
Minuteman

VIRGIL LEONARD CONLEE
Course: Technical Electrical. Date of Registration: September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, May 19, 1913.

LOUIS MARSHALL COSTLEY
Course: Tech. Elect. Date of Registration: Sept. 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Walla Walla, Wash. March 27, 1913.

Glee Club
Harmonica Band

JACK ROBERT CRISWELL
Course; Technical Electric. Date of Registration; January 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Seattle, Wash., July 8, 1913.

Baseball

CLIFFORD O. DAVIDSON
Course: Voc. Gas Engine. Date of Registration: Sept. 28. Place of Birth and Date: Amity, Ore. Sept. 6, 1912.

JACK R. DAVIDSON
Course: Tech. Elec. Date of Registration: Sept. 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Ore. Sept. 5, 1913.

Benson Knights
Oyer-un-gon Club

RALPH DAWSON
Course: Tech. Bldg. Const. Date of Registration: Fall,1927. Place of Birth and Date; Portland, Ore. July 22, 1913.

Architectural Club
Executive Board
Dramatic Club
Troubadours
Cashier
Fire Squad

DOWARD VIRGIL DEVEITEO
Course: Electric. Date of Registration: September, 1928. Place of Birth and Date: Spokane, Washington, August 16, 1913.

Electric Club
Fire Squad
Minute Man

RUSSELL G. DICK
Course: Technical Elec. Date of Registration: Sept. 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Ore. May 7, 1912.

Cashier
Electric Club

RANDALL DICUS
Course: Technical Gas Engine. Date of Registration: September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, December 29, 1912.

Radio Club

PRESTON K. DOUGHTY
Course: Tech. Machine. Date of Registration: Fall, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Ore. Dec. 10, 1912.

Cashier
Oyer-un-gon Club
First Aid

ROBERT HAROLD EDSON
Course: Technical Aviation. Date of Registration: September 1926. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon February 2, 1913.

Cashier
Secretary of Minutemen
Secretary of Benson Parliamentary Law Club
Benson Club of Aeronautics
Minuteman

BERYL J. EVANS
Course: Technical Automotive. Date of Registration: September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Medicine Hat, Alberta, Canada. April 29, 1912.

Benson Automotive Engineers
Minuteman

CEDRIC H. FAHRENWALD
Course: Electric. Date of Registration; September 5, 1928. Place of Birth and Date: Deadwood, South Dakota, April 15, 1913.

STANLEY FARR
Course: Vocational Printing. Date of Registration; September, 1928. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, May 28, 1914.

M. MENDALL FEINBERG
Course: Vocational Gas Engine. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, July 15, 1913.

Football
Executive Board
Fire Squad
Minuteman
Order of the B
Benson Automotive Engineers
Orchestra

HARRY N. FOSBURY
Course: Technical Electrical. Date of Registration: September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Baker, Oregon, July 27, 1911.

Orange B
Track

They came as Freshmen green but snappy

JOHN FRANCO
Course: Vocational Gas Engine. Date of Registration: Fall, 1929. Place of Birth and Date: New York City, New York.
Cashier
Fire Squad

HAROLD E. FRASER
Course; Technical Electric. Date of Registration: Fall,1927. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, August 6, 1911.

HAROLD E. FREDERICKSEN
Course; Technical Gas Engine. Date of Registration: September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date; Portland, Oregon, June 1, 1913.

JAMES E. FREY
Course: Technical Building Construction. Date of Registration: September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date; Portland, Oregon, August 28.
Minute Man
Cashier

MORRIS FRIEDMAN
Course: Technical Gas Engine. Date of Registration: January, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, November 6, 1912.
Minute Man
Cashier
Cafe Board
Class Play Cast
Benson Knights
Fire Squad
Benson Automotive Engineers

THOMAS WILLIAM FULLER
Course: Technical Electric. Date of Registration: September 3, 1926. Place of Birth and Date: New Westminster, British Columbia, June 30, 1913.
Oyer-un-gon Club

EDWARD G. GROSS
Course; Technical Electric. Date of Registration: September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Seattle, Washington, October 13, 1912.
Orchestra
Band
Public Speaking
Minuteman
Cashier
Benson Knights

HENRY W. GOODE
Course: Technical Gas Engine. Place ofBirth and Date; Donald, Oregon, January 8, 1915.
Troubadours
Minute Man
Dramatic Club

NORMAN S. GOCHNAUER
Course: Technical Gas Engine. Date of Registration: September, 1928. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, July 25.
Camera Club
Oyer-un-gon Club
B. A. E. Club
First Aid
Executive Board

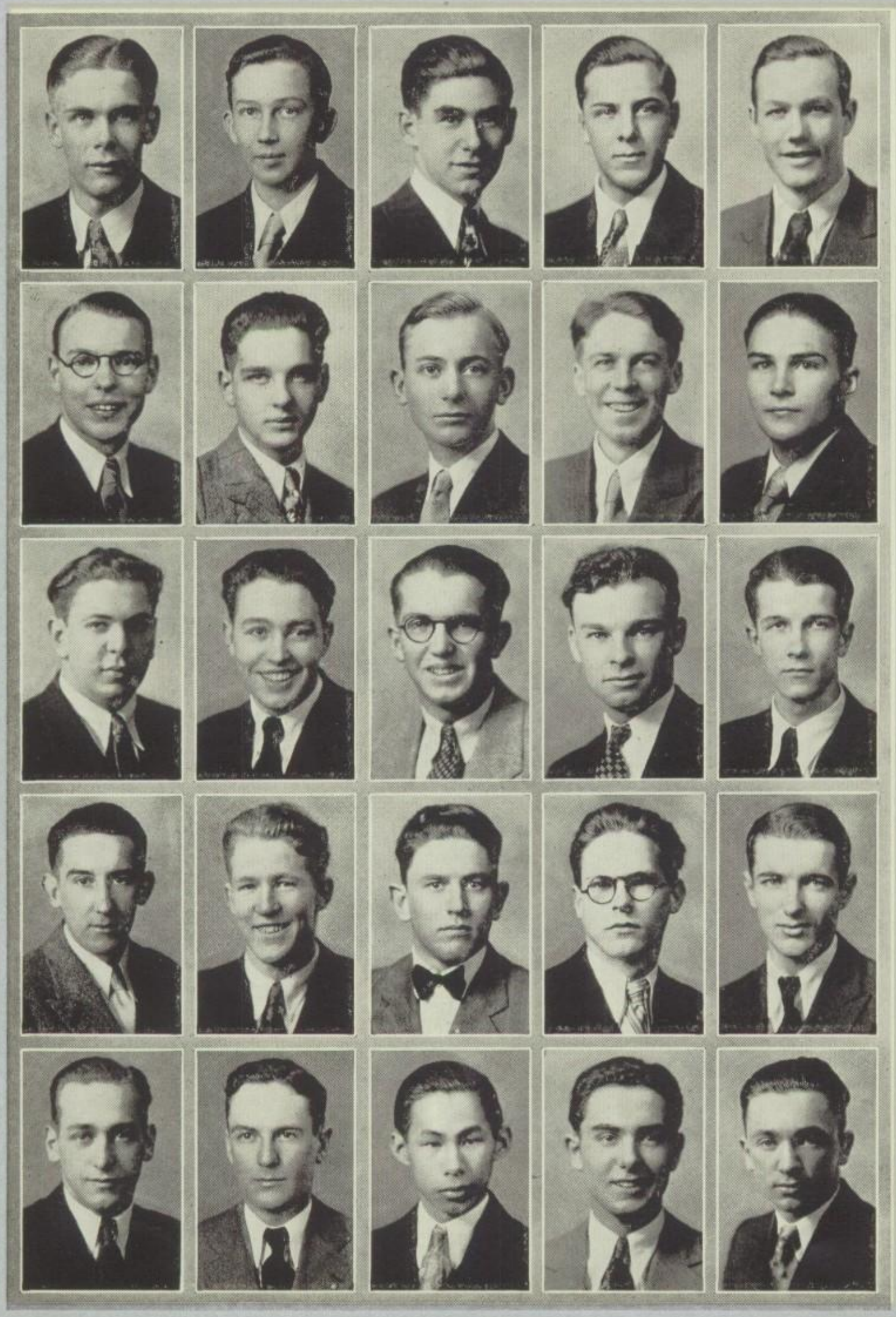
GEORGE GOLDSMITH
Course, Vocational Electric. Date of Registration, September 1929. Place of Birth and Date, Mexico City, Mexico, January 5, 1912.
Hi Y
Football
Wrestling
Orange B
Sergeant at Arms June 31
Executive Board
Band
Fire Squad
First Aid

RAYMOND GRIESE
Course, Technical Electric. Date of Registration, January, 27. Place of Birth and Date, Portland, Oregon. October 10, 1913.
Radio Club

ROGER HALD
Course, Technical Electric. Date of Registration, September 2, 1928. Place of Birth and Date, Portland, Oregon, March 5, 1913.
Fire Squad
Orange B
Tennis Team
Cashier
Class Play Stage Manager

STANLEY R. HALL
Course, Technical Printing. Date of Registration, September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date, Portland, Oregon, May 4, 1913.
Orchestra
Band
Cashier
Parliamentary Law Club
Benson Knights
Associate Editor Tech Pep
Secretary of Minutemen
Vice President of Type Hi Club
Business Manager June '31 Poly Tech
Delegate to University of Oregon

KENNETH A. HARDIN
Course, Technical Pattern Making. Date of Registration, September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date, Inglewood, California, April 15, 1931.
Orchestra
First Aid
Cashier



Fraser	Fredricksen	Friedman	Frey	Fuller
Gross	Goode	Griese	Goddard	Hald
Hirsch	Hardin	Hall	Holmes	Johns
Jones, F.	Johnson	Jones, L.	Kaster	Kahl
Langoe	McBrayer	Locke	Lengacher	Leavens

Meyers	Roberts	McPherson	Mathisen	McGrew
Pullen	Myers	Noeller	Million	Rasor
Radamacher	Root	Smith, H.	Rolfsness	Robson
Scott	Smith, C.	Sandstrom, K.	Roth	Shuholm
Simundich	Sisler	Skinner	Rudeen	MacInnes

They served their time with sorrow and joy

CHARLES RAYMOND HENNIG
Course: Vocational Gas Engine. Date of Registration: September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, January 20 1913.

OLIVER J. HIRSCH
Course: Technical Electric. Date of Registration: January, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, August 14, 1911.

Fire Squad
Science Club
Minuteman
Benson Knights
International Club
Glee Club
Electric Club

STANLEY S. HOFFMAN
Course: Vocational Carpentry. Date of Registration: September, 1928. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, June 11, 1912.

Hi Y
Orange B
Camera Club
Oyer-un-gon Club
Benson Knights
Football

CLIFFORD HOLMES
Course: Technical Electric. Date of Registration: September 3, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Raymond, Washington, January 11, 1912.

Executive Board
President of June '31 Class
Fire Squad
Cafeteria Board
Benson Knights—President
Cashier—President
Minuteman
Secretary of the Hi—Y Inter Council
Hi—Y Club—Treasurer
Camera Club
Orange B Club—Secretary
Public Speaking Club
Delegate to O.S.C.
Delegate to U of O.
Football
Track

K. HUBLER
Course: Vocational Machine. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, July 26, 1911.

Football
Minute Man
Cashier
Orange B
Water Polo

RAYMOND JOHNS
Course: Technical Mechanical. Date of Registration: September 6, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, July 2, 1912.

Cashier

HILBERT S. JOHNSON
Course: Technical Electric. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, June 6, 1913.

Hi Y
Benson Knights
Radio Club
Camera Club
International Relations
Minuteman
Electric Club

ROBERT A. JOHNSTON
Course: Vocational Printing. Date of Registration: September, 1928. Place of Birth and Date: Winnipeg, Saskatchewan, July 22, 1912.

Cashier

FRANK JONES
Course: Technical Electric. Date of Registration: September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Eugene, Oregon. April 23, 1913.

Minute Man

LLEWELYN E. JONES
Course: Technical Electric. Date of Registration: September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, December 13, 1911.

Executive Board
Orange B Club
Football
Benson Knights
Camera Club
Secretary June '31 Class

SANFORD J. LANGOE
Course: Technical Building Construction. Date of Registration: September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, August 18, 1910.

Fire Squad (Bat. Chief)
Architectural Club (Sec.)
Science Club (Trea.)
Poly Tech Staff (Adv.)
Cashier
Minuteman
Benson Knights
Designer of guard for Class pin

ERNEST E. KASTER
Course: Technical Mechanical. Date of Registration: September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Oregon City, Oregon, December 15, 1913.

Kumpus Klub
Cashier

NORWOOD LANCEFIELD
Course: Vocational Electric. Date of Registration: September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, March 24, 1911.

Basketball
Baseball

The Class as a whole was not bad at all

WINSTON LEAVENS
Course; Technical Aviation. Date of Registration: September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, May 18, 1912.

Minute Man
Banking Cashier
Aviation Club
Football

VICTOR HOWARD LENGACHER
Course: Technical Mechanical Drawing. Date of Registration: September 6, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Riverside, California.

Kumpus Klub

NORMAN LIND
Course: Vocational Gas Engine. Date of Registration: January, 1929. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, December 26, 1912.

B. A. E. Club

DONALD LINDSEY
Course: Vocational Electric. Date of Registration: September 4, 1928. Place of Birth and Date: Redlodge, Montana, September 13, 1913.

Minuteman
Track
Fire Squad

DANIEL O. LIVIE
Course: Vocational Machine. Date of Registration: September, 1928. Place of Birth and Date: Douglas, Alaska.

Kumpus Klub

EDWIN LOCKE
Course: Technical Gas Engine. Date of Registration: Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, July 9, 1912.

HOMER GEORGE LUMSDEN
Course: Gas Engine. Date of Registration: September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Troutdale, Oregon, July 6, 1912.

Benson Automotive Engineers
Junior Basketball
Executive Board
Wrestling

THEODORE B. MATHISEN
Course: Technical Electric. Date of Registration: September 2, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Seaside, Oregon, March 27, 1914.

CARL McBRAYER
Course: Aviation. Date of Registration: January 27. Place of Birth and Date: Gramburg, Texas, October 17, 1912.

Band
Orchestra
B. C. A.

EDGAR MATTHES
Course: Vocational Cabinet Making. Date of Registration: September 6, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Laurel, Oregon, May 4, 1913,

FINLEY O. McGREW
Course: Technical Electric. Date of Registration: September 5, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, February 13, 1913.

Science Club
Electric Club
Benson Knights
Executive Board
Baseball Mgr.

WILLIAM H. MacINNES
Course: Technical Mechanical. Date of Registration: September 1, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, June 27, 1913.

Benson Knights
Minuteman

ARTHUR H. McPHERSON
Course: Technical Building Construction. Date of Registration: February 27. Place of Birth and Date: Oakes, North Dakota, October 26, 1910.

Cashier
Minuteman
Soccer Team
Soccer Manager
Benson Knights
Orange B Vice President
Hi—Y
Executive Board
Fire Squad—Asst. Fire Chief

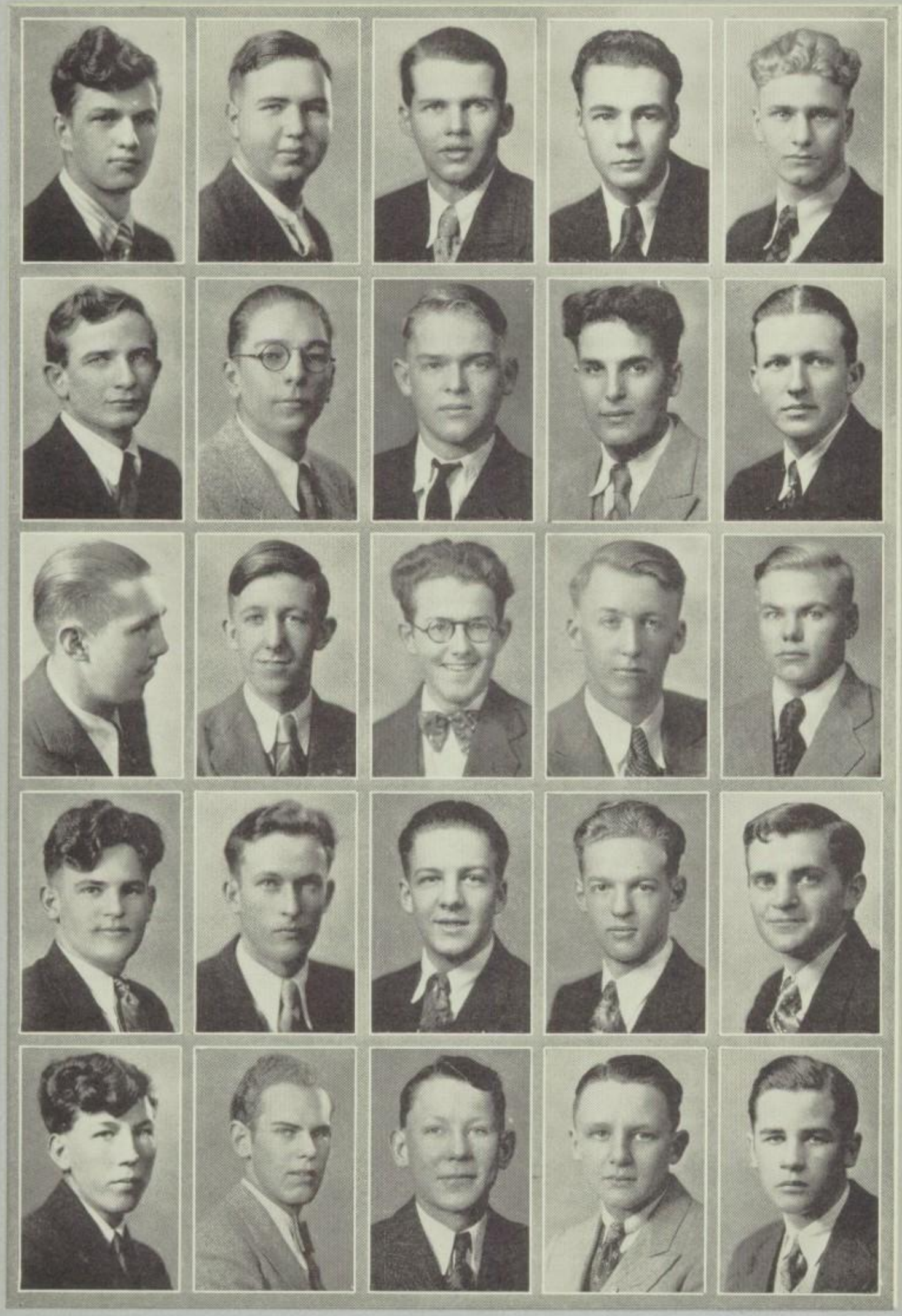
RICHARD F. MILLER
Course: Machine. Date of Registration: January, 1926. Date of Birth: March 5, 1910.

Football
Minuteman
Fire Squad (Bat. Chief)
Executive Board
Hi—Y Vice President.

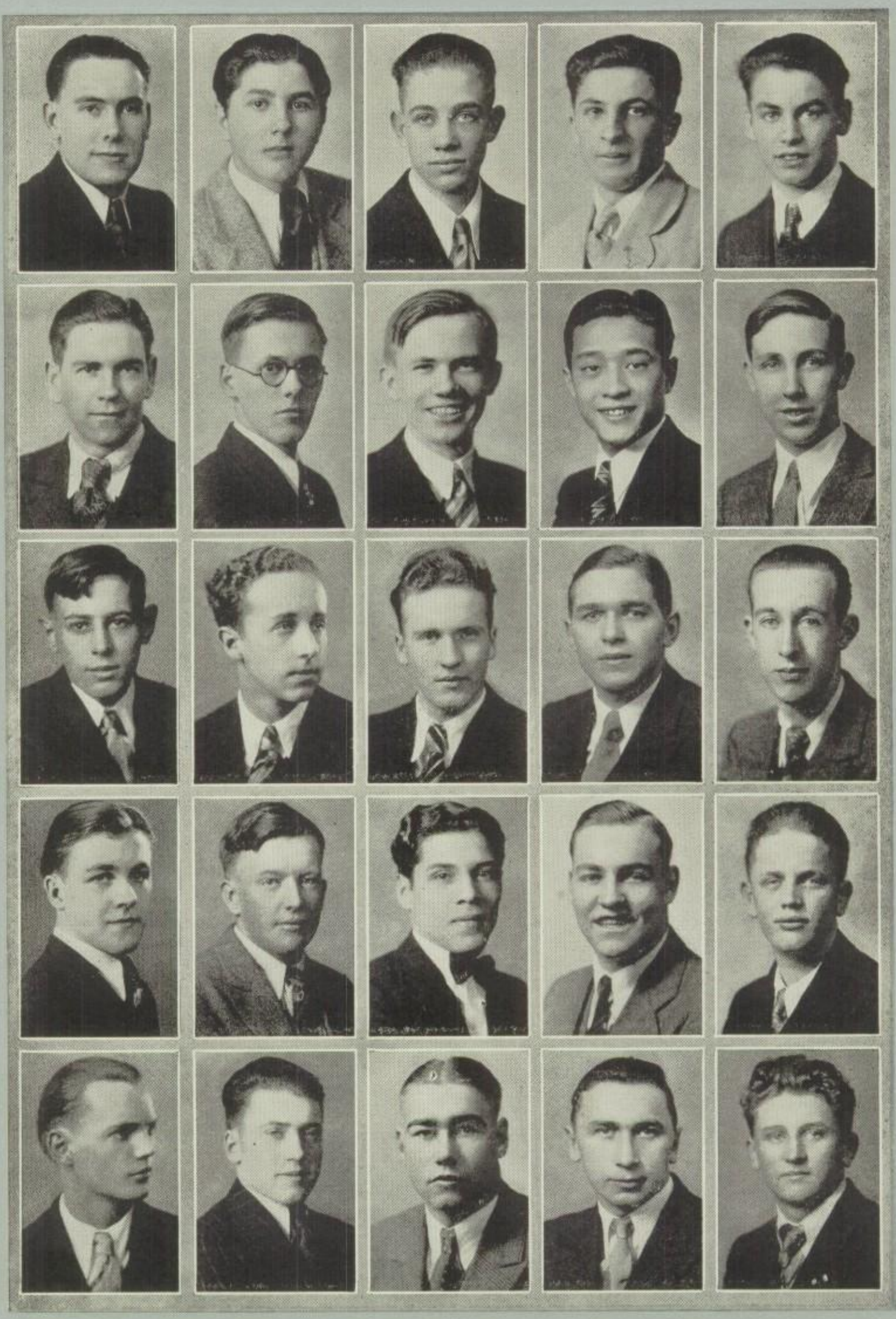
THOMAS MOLINARI
Course: Vocational Gas Engine. Date of Registration: September, 1928. Place of Birth and Date: Vancouver, February 23, 1914.

ALLEN MYERS
Course: Technical Building Construction. Date of Registration: September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Vancouver, British Columbia, February 15, 1912.

Executive Board
Architectural Club
Soccer Team
Orange "B"
Treasurer June 1931 Class
Cashier



Stanton	Telford	Wood	Thomas	Waltie
Traver	Van Bruggen	Thomson	Topich	Taylor, H.
Williams, G.	Vaughan	Weber	Vaughn	Sutherman
White Ley	Test	Woodruff	Williams, A.	Quinlin
Bates	Anderson	Allen	Bostwick	Albertson



Bean	Arena	Briggs	Cavagna	Carter
Cerveny	Cooper	Crockett	Chung	Davidson, C.
Farr	DeVeiteo	Fahrenwald	Feinberg	Gochnauer
Hambleton	Matthes	Goldsmith	Graham	Johnston, R.
Gault	Hennig	Hoffman	Hubler	Kandel

JAMES MONTGOMERY
Course: Vocational Gas Engine. Date of Registration: September, 1928. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, March 31, 1914.

Member Benson Automotive Engineers

CLIFFORD GEORGE NOELLER
Course: Technical Electric. Place of Birth and Date: Fairbanks, Alaska, July 10, 1912.

Vice President of Cashiers
Class Play
Benson Knights
Sketching Club
Science Club
Dramatic Club
Electric Club
Cashier

RICHARD OUGH
Course: Vocational Gas Engine. Date of Registration: January, 1929. Place of Birth and Date: White Swan, Washington, May 19, 1914.

Wrestling
Football

WINFIELD S. PULLEN
Course: Technical Electric. Date of Registration: Fall, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Juneau, Alaska, June 19, 1913.

Electric Club
Camera Club
Band
Benson Knights
Cashier

WOODROW J. QUINLIN
Course: Gas Engine. Date of Registration: January 28, 1928. Place of Birth: Portland, Oregon.

ADALBERT JACOB RADMACHER
Course: Technical Electric. Date of Registration: September, 1928. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, April 2, 1913.

Troubadour
Glee Club

FRED W. RASOR
Course: Technical Building Construction. Date of Registration: September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Medicine Hat, Alberta, Canada, November 28, 1913.

Architectural Club
Poly Tech Staff

WILLIAM LESLIE ROBSON
Course: Technical Mechanical. Date of Registration: September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, June 4, 1913.

Camera Club (treasurer)

MILTON L. ROBERTS
Course: Technical Aviation. Date of Registration: September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Grand Junction, Colorado, August 27, 1912.

Cashier
Minuteman
Benson Club of Aeronautics
Glee Club
Troubadours
Band
Track
Radio Club
Freshman Football
Shop Baseball

STANLEY ROLFSNESS
Course: Technical Gas Engine. Date of Registration: September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Burke, Idaho, February 5, 1913.

Vice President of June 1931 Class
Orange B
Benson Knights
Hi—Y
President Benson Automotive Engineers
Executive Board
Cafeteria Board
Fire Squad,
Cashiers
Minuteman
Football
Soccer

VIRGIL B. ROOT
Course; Technical Electric. Date of Registration: September 7, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Prescott, Washington, April 8, 1912.

Electric Club
Science Club
Parliamentary Law Club

RUSSELL ROTH
Course: Technical Gas Engine. Date of Registration: September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, January 22, 1914.

Soccer

DONALD R. RUDEEN
Course: Technical Building Construction. Date of Registration: September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, August 29, 1913.

Minuteman
Architectural Club
Cashier

HARRY M. SCOTT
Course: Technical Aviation. Date of Registration: September, 1928. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, March 5, 1912.

President Benson Club of Aeronautics
Minuteman
Cashier
Benson Knight
Troubadours

ARTHUR W. SANDSTROM
Course, Vocational Cabinet Making. Date of Registration; January, 1928. Place of Birth and Date; Portland, Oregon, September 7, 1912.

KARL JOHN SANDSTROM
Course: Technical Building Construction. Date of Registration; January, 1927. Place of Birth and Date; Portland, Oregon. April 11, 1911.

Dramatic Club
Benson Architectural Club

ELMER M. SCHUFF
Course; Vocational Printing. Date of Registration: September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, October 26, 1913.

LESTER C. SHUHOLM
Course: Technical Electric. Date of Registration: September, 1928. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, April 28, 1913.

Cashier
Electric Club

MATTHEW SIMUNDICH
Course: Technical Electric. Date of Registration: Sept. 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, November 4, 1913.

Electric Club
Wrestling
Science Club
Troubadours

WILLIAM BARRETT SISLER
Course: Technical Electric. Date of Registration; September 5, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Hamilton, Montana, April 9, 1914.

Electric Club
Science Club
Benson Knights
Cashiers

CLYDE SMITH
Course: Technical Gas Engine. Date of Registration: September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Colorado Springs, Colorado, May 30, 1910.

President Benson Automotive Engineers
Benson Knights

H. N. SMITH
Course: Technical Electric. Date of Registration: September, 27. Place of Birth and Date: Helena, Montana, March 12, 1913.

Benson Knights
Electric Club
Dramatic Club

GAYLORD S. SKINNER
Course: Technical Building Construction. Date of Registration: September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, Nov. 21, 1911.

ARGEL H. STANTON
Course: Tech Machine. Date of Registration: September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Salem, Oregon, April 23, 1924.

Radio Club

ROBERT P. STRUCK
Course: Vocational Machine. Date of Registration: September, 1927. Born at Portland, Oregon, March 17, 1913.

Executive Board
Cashier
Band
Camera Club (secretary)
Cafeteria Board

WALTER M. SUTHERMAN
Course: Technical Electric: Date of Registration: September 6, 1927. Born at Portland, Oregon, July 10, 1912.

Wrestling Squad
Orange B Club

RAYMOND E. TAYLOR
Course: Vocational Carpentry. Date of Registration: Fall, 1928. Place of Birth and Date: Sherwood, Oregon, February 11, 1915.

HARRY R. TAYLOR
Course: Technical Aviation. Date of Registration: September, 1928. Born at Cathlament, Washington, Nov. 11, 1911.

Benson Club of Aeronautics

THOMAS D. TELFORD
Registration: September, 1928. Born at Portland, Oregon, February 7, 1914.

Radio Club
Cashier
Fire Squad
Orchestra

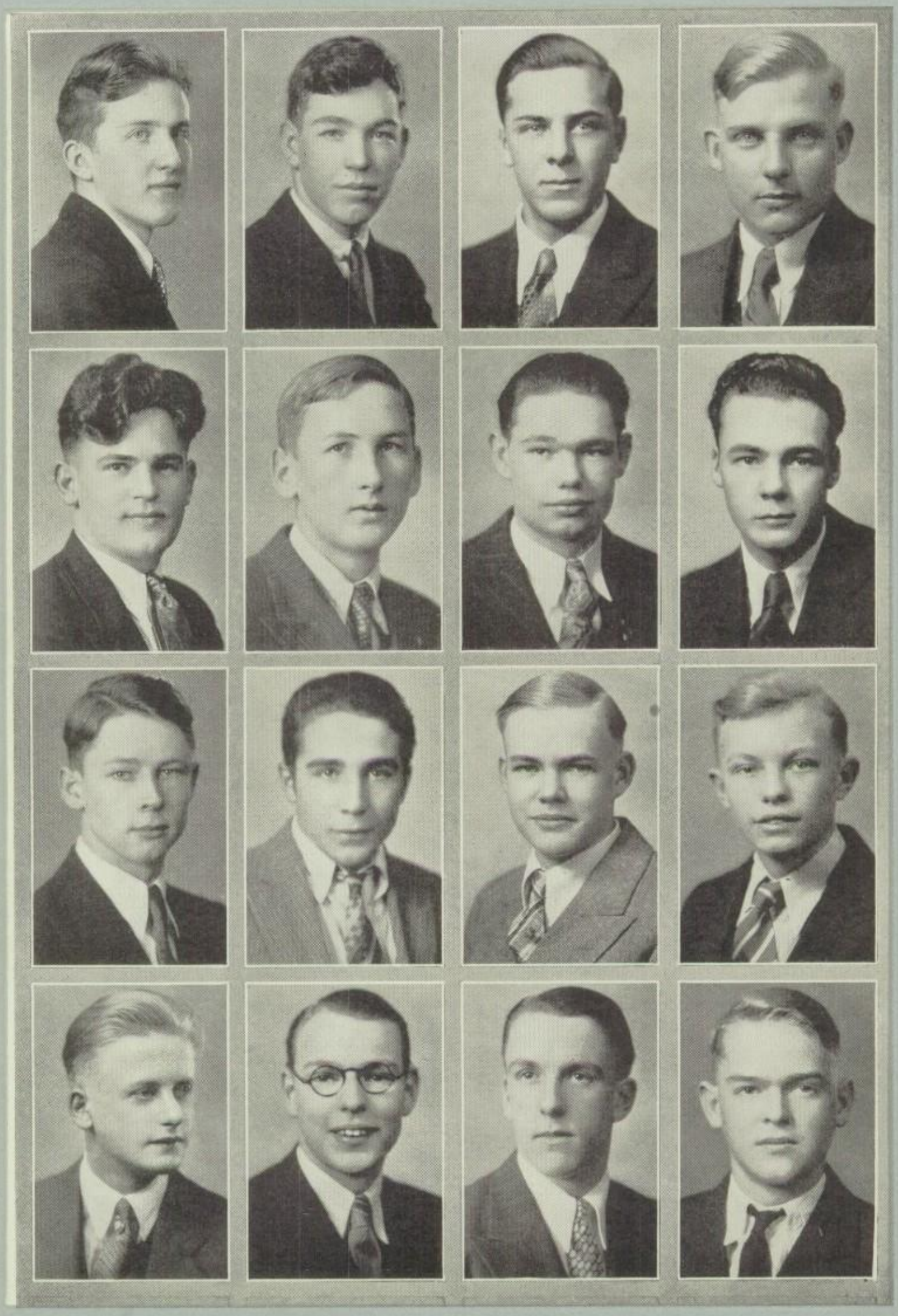
HAROLD A. THOMAS
Course: Technical Electric. Date of Registration: Fall, 1926. Place of Birth and Date: Newport, Oregon, August 12, 1911.

Cashier
Fire Squad
Benson Knight
Electric Club

MARK TOPICH
Course: Technical Building Construction. Date of Registration: September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, October 12, 1912.

Architectural Club

Lind	Lancefield	Lumsden	Levi	Westermann
Lindsey	Smits	Hessel	Johnston	Montgomery
Sandstrom, A.	Struck	Schuff	Franco	Molinari
Taylor, R.	Willak	Troudt	Ough	Timmings
Woldt	Miller	Walling	Dietz	



WINNERS OF SCHOLARSHIP AWARDS

Pullen (½ yr.)	Sisler (½ yr.)	Frey (2 yr.)	Boehme (3½ yr.)
White Ley (2 yr.)	Deil (½ yr.)	Evans (1½ yr.)	Thomas (1 yr.)
Bailey (3½ yr.)	Simundich (½ yr.)	Shuholm (1 yr.)	Rasor (1 yr.)
Criswell (2 yr.)	Gross (½ yr.)	Edson (½ yr.)	Thomson (½ yr.)

George Goldsmith (½ yr.) (unintentionally omitted)

They leave us now—less green—but happy

COULTER LANSING TRAVER
Course: Technical Electric. Date of Registration: January, 1928. Place of Birth and Date: Alberta, Canada, December 15, 1910.

Bank Cashier
Minuteman

JOHN T. VAN BRUGGEN
Course: Technical Building Construction. Date of Registration: September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Chicago, Illinois, August 12, 1913.

Cashier
Architectural Club
Benson Parliamentary Law Club

ARTHUR VAUGHAN
Course: Technical Electric. Date of Registration: September, 27. Place of Birth and Date: Banner, Montana, June 30, 1913.

DONALD F. VAUGHAN
Course: Technical Building Construction. Date of Registration: September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, March 13, 1914.

Tennis
Orange B
Architectural Club
Oyer-un-gon Club (Pres.)
Executive Board
Minuteman
Cashier
Dramatic Club
Poly Tech Artist

DICK WALLING
Course: Vocationl Gas Engine. Date of Registration: September, 1928. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, October 8, 1913.

Cashier
Secretary Benson Automotive Engineers
Minuteman

WILLIAM U. WALTIE
Course: Technical Mechanical. Date of Registration: September, 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, May 2, 1912.

ROLAND C. WESTERMAN
Course: Technical Ptg. Date of Registration: September 1927. Place of Birth and Date: Portland, Oregon, March 25, 1914.

Cashier
Minute Man
President International Club
Public Speaking Club
Benson Knights
Tech Pep Staff
Scribes Club

VERNE FRANCIS WEBER
Course: Technical Aviation. Date of Registration: September 1928. Place of Birth and Date: Ridgefield, Washington, January 19, 1913.

Cashier
Benson Club of Aeronautics
Benson Scribes
Associate Editor Poly Tech
Executive Board

ELWYN M. WHITLEY
Course: Technical Electrical. Date of Registration: Fall, 1927. Born at Eugene, Oregon, May 15, 1914.

Radio Club
Minute Man

ALVIN L. WILLIAMS
Course: Technical Electric. Date of Registration: January, 1927. Born at Portland, Oregon, August 1, 1913.

Electric Club
Camera Club

GORDON WILLIAMS
Course: Technical Mechanical. Date of Registration: September, 1927. Place of Birth: Central Point, Oregon.

Kumpus Klub

FRANK WINKLER
Course: Technical Aviation. Date of Registration: September, 1928. Place and Date of Birth: Washougal, Washington, December 13, 1912.

BERNARD WOLDT
Course: Vocational Cabinet Making. Date or Registration: Fall, 1928. Born at Portland, Oregon, October 27, 1914.

Orchestra
Band
Minute Man
Basketball
Cashier
Orange B
Fire Squad
Baseball

RICHARD WOOD
Course: Technical Electric. Date of Registration: September 7, 1927. Born at Prescott, Oregon, July 25, 1913.

Electric Club
Science Club
Benson Knights
Cashier

MARK WOODRUFF
Course: Technical Printing.

Type Hi Club
Benson Knights
Tech Pep Staff
International Club
Benson Scribes
Public Speaking

THE CLASS PLAY

On May 22, the June '31 class of Benson presented its class play, "The Haunted House," under the able direction of Mrs. Doris Smith.

"The Hauntd House" was written by Owen Davis, a writer who has many successful stories and plays to his credit. It is both a mystery play and a comedy, and is intended to be a burlesque on mystery plays. This type of play has never been attempted by any previous graduating class, but the presentation was very satisfactory, as indicated by the enthusiasm of the large audience witnessing it in the new auditorium.

The play has to do with the adventures of a young married couple who are spending their honeymoon in a supposedly haunted house belonging to the bride's father. Many mysterious things occur—doors open queerly; chains clank; shrieks and groans are heard, unexplainable shots are fired.

At the beginning of the play, a young lady who was once engaged to the hero comes to make his life miserable for him. When she goes outside, a shot is heard, followed by a scream. Investigation results in the discovery of blood near the young lady's car, and a shot-gun containing an empty shell is found nearby.

An officious novelist living near the house takes full charge, having great confidence in his ability as a psycho-analist and sleuth. He gets nowhere, but says many things beyond the comprehension of the town's hick sheriff, provoking the latter a great deal indeed. This sheriff, however, is given more to talking and fainting at the sight of blood than actually to aiding in solving the mystery. During the play, everyone is suspected of the crime, thanks to the changing deductions of the author. Then the bride's father arrives, confessing that he fired the fatal shot.

It is discovered that the novelist had been the cause of the ghostly noises in the past, for he was providing color to a previous story named "The Haunted House." At last, the "murdered" woman enters, having been asleep under a tree in the woods nearby. The play closes with the startling information that the one who was killed was merely the milkman's best cow.

All hte members of the cast performed well, making the play an outstanding one. The lighting effects added greatly to the success of the play, making it seem all the gloomier and more mysterious.

The feminine roles were filled by three young ladies from Grant High School who did as well as they would have had they been acting for their own school.

The cast of characters is as follows:

Tramp	Homer Smith
Emily, the bride	Marvel Twiss
Jack, the groom	Clifford Noeller
Thomas, the chauffer	Milton Roberts
Duncan, the author	Elwyn White Ley
Helen, Duncan's wife	Helel Roberts
Isabel, the girl	Lucille Hoff
Ezra, the constable	Thomas Telford
Ed, the milkman	Telore Abendroth
Grogan, the detective	Russell Dick
Evans, the father	Morris Friedman

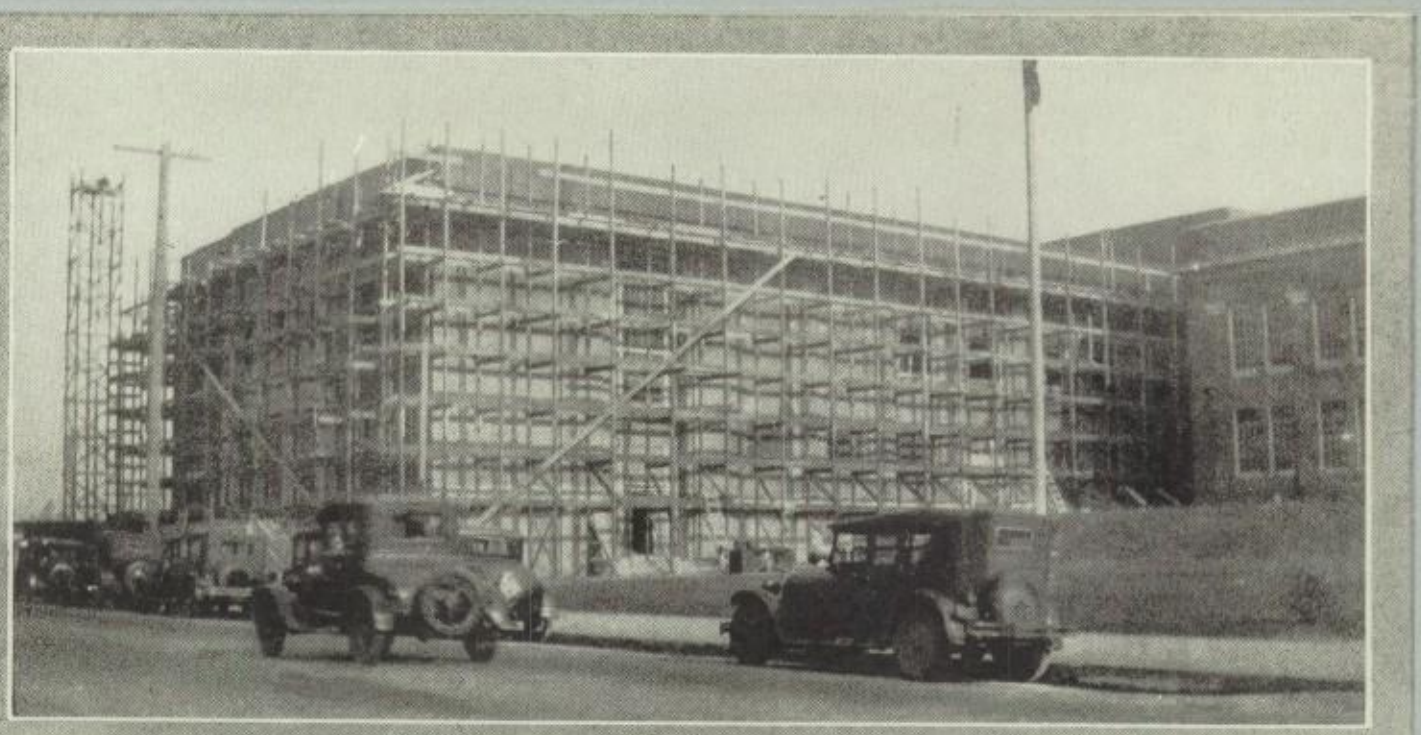
The production staff is as follows:

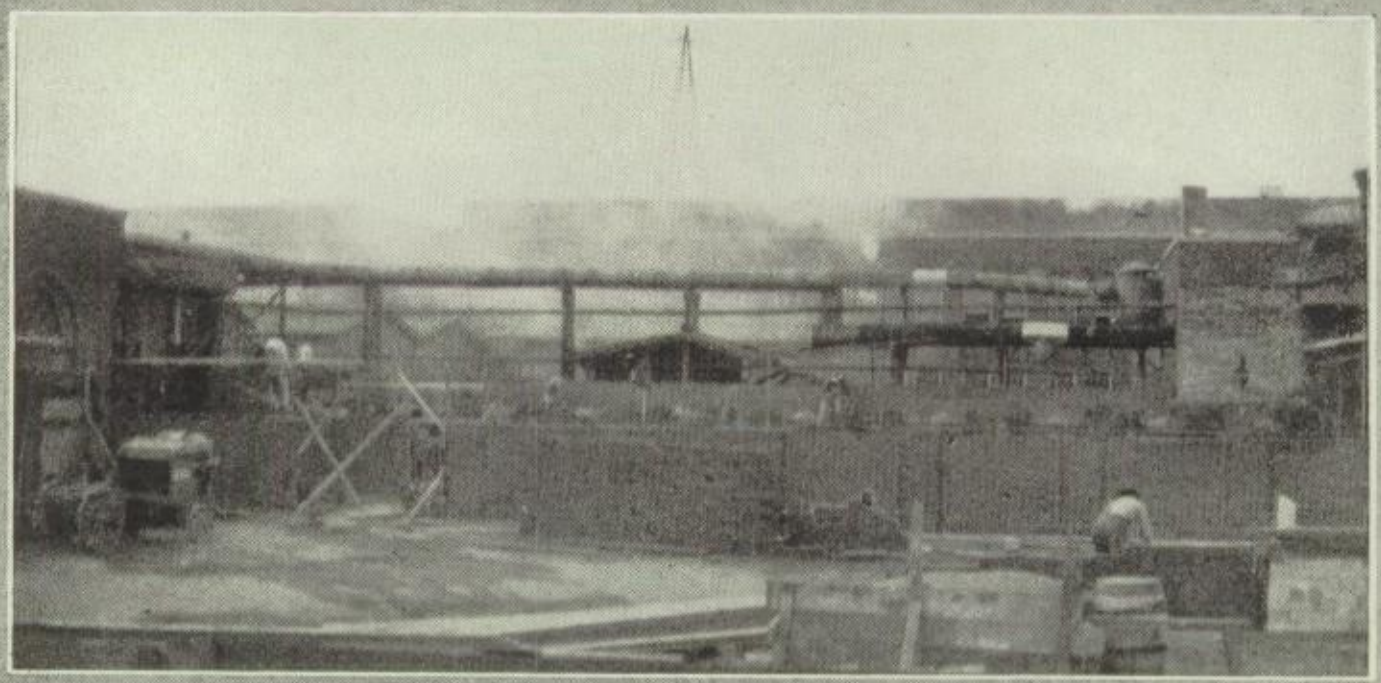
Director	Doris Smith
Assistant Director	Lydia Plitter
Stage Manager	William Sisler
Property Manager	Stanley Hall
Electricians	Lester Shuholm, Richard Wood
Business Manager	Robert Ebelmesser

Class Play Cast

Doris Smith
Coach

Lydia Pliter
Assistant Coach





OUR NEW BUILDING

On the preceding page is a picture of a dream come true. For years Benson has been badly in need of an auditorium. Holding assemblies in the gym was very inconvenient because the chairs and the platform had to be put up for each occasion, and then they had to be removed before the gym classes could be resumed. Our senior classes have had to present their plays at other schools, but now they can present them here where they will feel at home; and when the plays are given here, the lower classmen feel that it is really an event of their own school, and many more of them attend.

For years Mr. Cleveland has done all he possibly could to help Benson get its auditorium; the Tech Pep has contributed its share; so has everyone else who is at all interested in Benson. We students, who have had to sit in the uncomfortable chairs in the gym, have waited patiently for Benson's dream to come true. We seniors regret that we must leave just as Benson gets its new auditorium, but we are grateful that we were able to present our class play here, and that we have the honor of being the first class to be graduated in the new building.

The auditorium is so well built for the reproduction of sound pictures that the Western Electric agents asked if they might use the building in which to demonstrate their equipment to prospective customers. As far as we know our sound equipment was the first to be purchased from the Western Electric Company, the hundreds of other theaters equipped with Western Electric apparatus having been allowed only to lease theirs. The radio broadcasting studio, another important feature, was designed by the same firm that designed the Junior N. B. C. studio in New York. And as we all have seen, our cafeteria is an fine as any.

The third picture is a view of our new stockroom under construction. The rest of the school having far outgrown the old stockroom, the large addition was necessary. The new section is provided with several modern features, one of which is a separate room in which to store paper. A separate room is necessary for the proper storage of paper because the temperature must be constant and the humidity quite high. Another feature is the new incinerator with the chute opening into the hall wall, making it quite handy for the janitor. An additional point is the systematic arrangement of the many supplies for the various departments of the school, thus making it easier for Mr. Teats and Mr. Braddock to fill the many orders that come to them.

Benson has grown "by leaps and bounds" during the last year, but it has not become too large for the ever-increasing number of students and probably never will. Those of us who expect to come back and visit Benson in years to come hope to see the dingy portables, which now mar the campus, replaced by permanent brick structures, and as the dream of the former graduates came true, we believe that in a comparatively short time our vision will be realized.

MEMORIES

That fire there on the hearth is cheerful; its crackle has a friendly tone, and its glowing coals present a multitude of pretty pictures . . . It is good to sit before an open fire and ponder. The flickering flames stir up memories, which rise, like the wisps of smoke, and hover vaguely, uncertainly about.

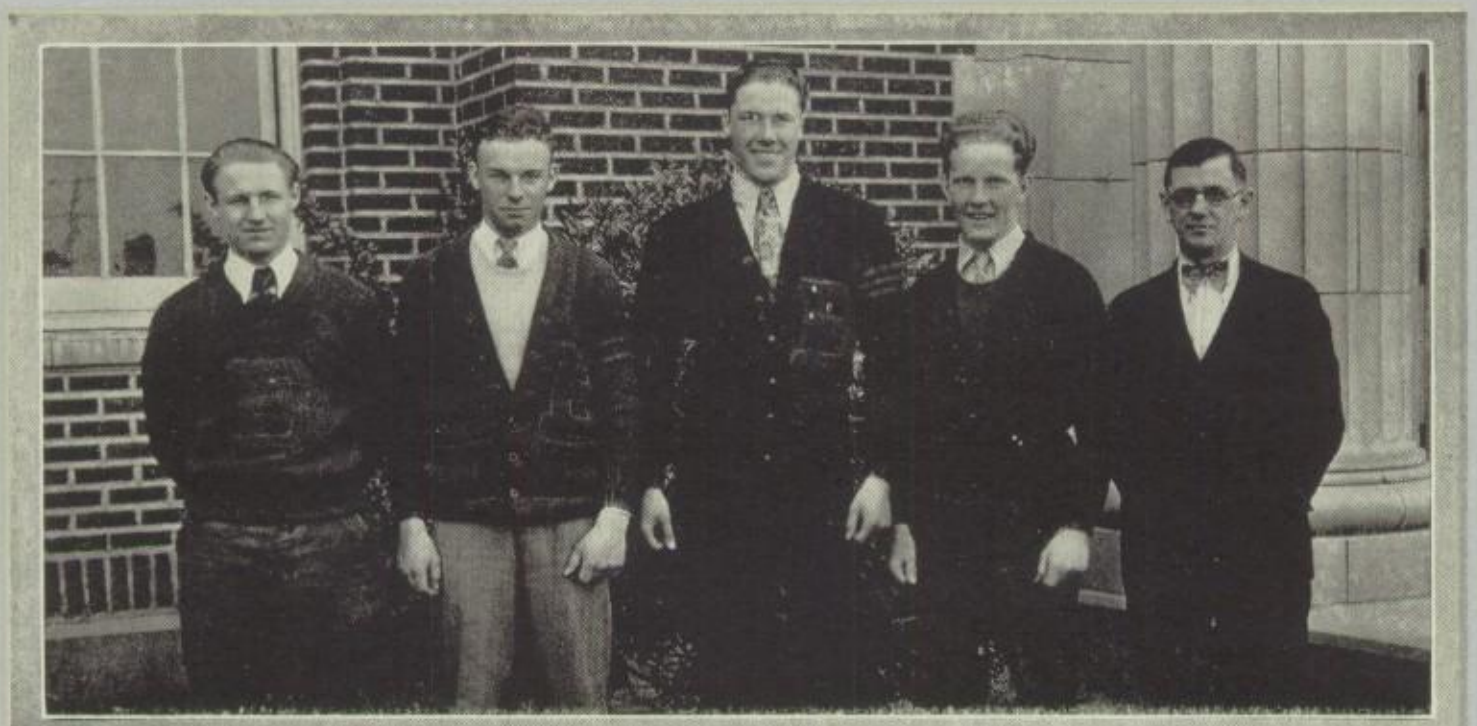
Memories . . . what memories the fire incites! Memories of former acquaintances, former pleasures, school days . . . They take us back and make us school-boys again . . . That was a long time ago. We all left school, and became separated from one another, to live our own lives. What bond is there between us but these remembrances? We enjoyed experiences and acquaintances which we do not wish to lose. They are memories . . . like smoke . . . drifting gently, slowly along.

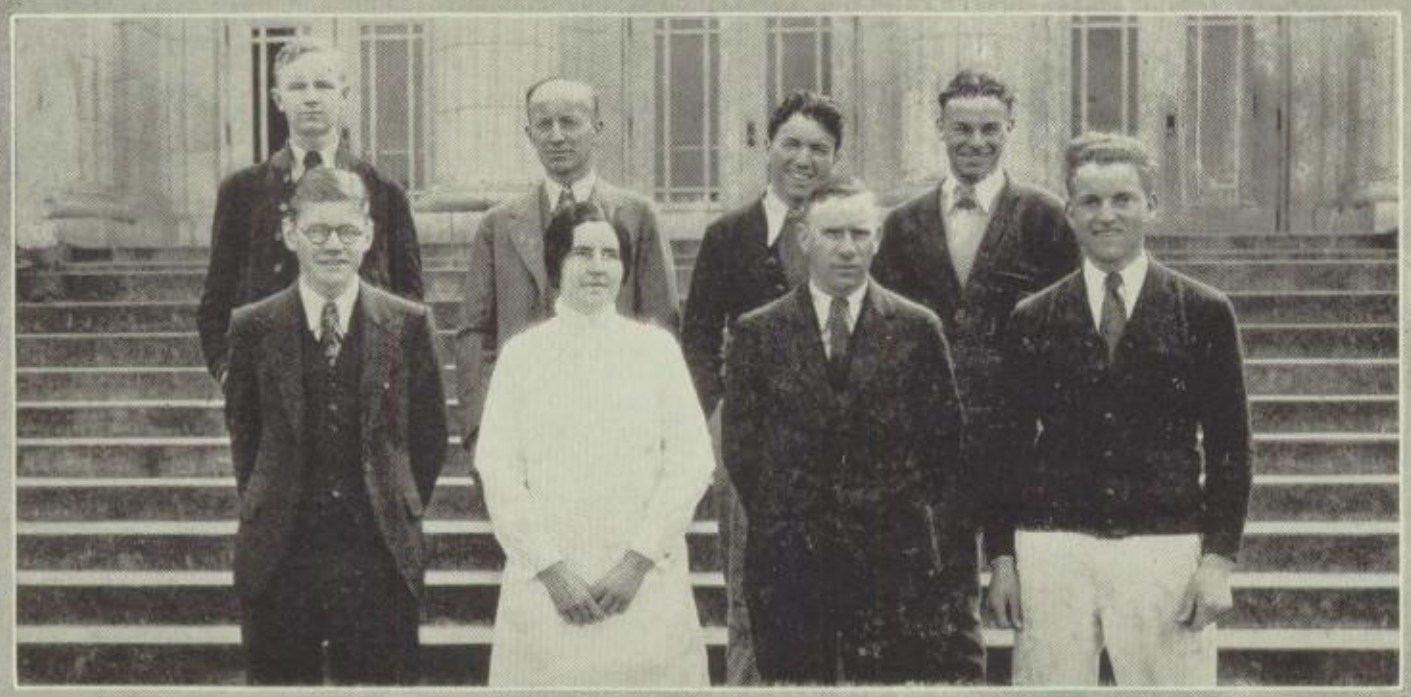
Out of the dim haze of the intervening years step listlessly the companions of our youth. They file by, bringing with them from the dark recesses of the mind the recollections which we associate with them . . .

Here comes Roland Westerman, arriving at school for once before 8:35, looking rather sleepy, however; they simply wouldn't let him sleep in the library yesterday . . . Fred Rasor, technically known as a math shark . . . Jack Criswell, the burn-'em-up boy on the baseball team . . . Ed Gross, the violinist; he mouths the band's big bass horn quite efficiently, too . . . Tom Telford, the hick sheriff from Boring, by cracky . . . Robert Edson, who brags, for some reason or other, on the girls at Grant . . . Berton Bailey, the boy who coolly wards off all queries by saying that he didn't study the lesson. But we know better . . . those scholarship awards and all that, you know . . . Clarence Benson, the blond exponent of the grappling art . . . Beryl Evans and Louie Costley, the Mutt and Jeff of Benson Tech, although hardly as quarrelsome as the originals . . . Harry Fosbury: he's the lad who's perfectly at home in the air. No not an aviator or a bird . . . merely Benson's champ pole-vaulter . . . George Goldsmith, wrestler and terror of the gridiron . . . Domenico Casciato, a curly-headed, bespectacled little fellow who, they say, skipped the last six grades of grammar school to graduate in June '31 . . . Dave Cox, who seems to be an all-round athlete . . . Cliff Holmes, the prominent class president with the six dollar smile . . . Telore Abendroth, just a great big boy with Freshie characteristics . . . Barney Woldt, 74 inches of bone and gristle; It is said that he once played basketball for Benson . . . Walt Sutherman, a wrestler with an enviable reputation . . . Jack Davidson, Don Bernard, and Russell Dick: the three musketeers . . . Ed Beck, golfer and baseball player from the Print Shop . . . Harry Scott, the boy who plays the piano and yearns for the sea . . . Beppe Natta, only too willing to watch others do chemistry experiments . . . Mark Woodruff, who always eats his lunch before the third period; his clever and well-written stories cover up this fault, however . . . Lowell Gault, we read of him in the papers . . . Carl Boehme, the teachers just can't give him anything but E's . . . Walt Chung, the smiling ex-basketball player . . .Morris Friedman, the business man of the class . . . Stanley Hall, who seems never to be doing anything worth-while, but insists on cutting up, and concocting foul chemical odors in the lab. . . . Don Vaughan, the tennis expert, and out-door enthusiast . . . Raymond Griese, the wise-cracking electrical engineer, and devout radio nut . . . Elwyn White Ley has the same interests as Griese; outside of that, we know of no other eccentricities . . . Llewelyn Jones, football player, and the Executive Board's chief arguer . . . Randall Dicus who knows how to read poetry . . . Kenneth Hubler, the fighting brick in the football team's forward wall . . . Lester Shuholm, who frequently propounds some theory in Science class, bringing great joy to White Ley . . . Stan Rolfsness, the popular letterman who looks so innocent, and has a weakness for certain Irish lasses . . . Clifford Noeller, the class play's handsome leading man . . . Milton Feinberg, who maintains the latest style by crawling around on the Gas Engine shop flour with unprotected cords . . .

The fire burns low; the flames leap no more; and coals only flicker and glow in their nest of gray ashes. The smoke is gone; with it goes our memories, silently, gently; reality is with us again . . . We wonder what it was we were thinking about . . .

—Verne Weber





STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

EXECUTIVE BOARD

CAFETERIA BOARD

PAGE

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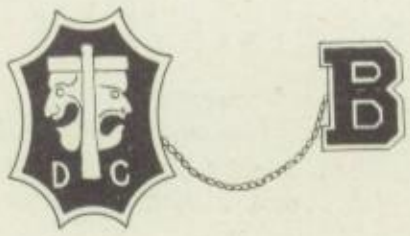
DRAMATIC

SCRIBES

AVIATION

We all enjoyed the clubs we were in

DRAMATIC CLUB



KENNETH LONG, *President*
ILO RANDOLPH, *Vice President*
ROBERT FRITSCH, *Secretary*
HAROLD BARTELL, *Treasurer*

The Dramatic club, the newest club in Benson, has made a very good showing since it was organized in the spring of 1930. The faculty adviser, Miss Haight, has done much towards making the club a success with the work she has done in putting over the various plays which the club has presented before the school, the radio, and outside audiences.

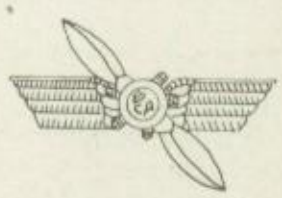
This term the club entered the one-act play "Alison's Lad" in the city wide contest. On several occasions plays have been presented at the club meetings, and they were well received by the members. Several guests have spoken to the group about the stage, their experiences, or drama in general.

SCRIBES CLUB

BILL MAZZOCCO, *President*
VERNE WEBER, *Vice President*
JACK GRAHAM, *Secretary*
NIILO LAMPI, *Treasurer*

The Scribes is Benson's organization dedicated to the producing of literary efforts by its members. Although not affiliated with any nation-wide organization, the Scribes corresponds to the Quill and Scroll or similar societies in other schools. At the meetings, original works are read by the members, and the criticisms offered by the club and by Miss Patterson, the adviser, point out any faults or desirable points, and are designed to aid the writer in improving his work. The club, although but little heard of about the school, is really very active as to the work accomplished at the meetings. Each meeting has its full program of literature, short stories, essays, and poems. Occasionally, the Tech Pep and the Poly Tech serve as the means of presenting the writings to the student body.

AERONAUTICS CLUB



JOHN O'CONNOR, *President*
JOHN BACHER, *Vice President*
WILLIAM BEDFORD, *Secretary-Treasurer*

This term the Benson Club of Aeronautics has been reorganized. It was first organized six terms ago, but was discontinued. The success of the present organization has been largely due to the faithfulness and efficiency of the new president, John O'Connor. Through his efforts the Business Committee has been organized. Its duty is to act on all questions to come before the club. Each member of the committee represents five members of the club.

Numerous invitations to visit different airports and factories in and around Portland were accepted, and the boys benefited very much by these trips in addition to having a good time. This club not only offers educational advantages but also provides a means of following an interesting hobby. It also enables us to share our knowledge with our fellow students.

Mr. Buckman, aviation instructor, is the faculty adviser.

The hikes, the parties, and things of that sort

HI-Y

NIILO LAMPI, *President*
DICK MILLER, *Vice-President*
BILL MAZZOCCO, *Secretary*
CLIFFORD HOLMES, *Treasurer*

Finding that it was quite impossible to put over a dance by themselves this term, the Benson Hi—Y Club decided to help the student body make one a success. Under the direction of Clifford Holmes, the treasurer of the club, several boys, most of them being Hi—Y members, worked hard in decorating the gym, selling tickets, and generally making the dance the social event of the term. Dick Miller, Hilbert Johnson, Vernon Cole, Bill Mazzocco, Albert Chambers, and Niilo Lampi were the Hi-Y's responsible for the decorating of the gym. Others of the club sold tickets and talked up the dance. Holmes is to be commended for his fine work.

During the successful basketball season the Hi-Y club sent boys to take tickets at the games that were held in the Benson gymnasium.

The club has also been discussing problems of importance to young men. Various students of the club have taken the subjects and led in the discussion.

Six of the members of the club attended the Gearhart Conference which was held April 10, 11, and 12 at Gearhart. The boys who went enjoyed their stay very much.

TECH PEP STAFF

BILL MAZZOCCO, *Editor in Chief*
ALBERT CHAMBERS, *Associate Editor*
NORMAN LEE, *Associate Editor,*

The members of the Tech Pep staff have a great deal of work, and the regular publication of the paper depends upon their completing the work in the allotted time. Benson has had one of the best high school papers in the state for some time, and the staff worked their hardest to keep it such. The Tech Pep received honorable mention at the Press Convention at Eugene this year. Bill Mazzocco, who represented the Tech Pep at the conference, brought back a number of valuable ideas, and he has used some of them advantageously this term. Mr. Willis and Mr. Hendrickson, the faculty advisers, have done all in their power to better the paper.

MINUTE MEN

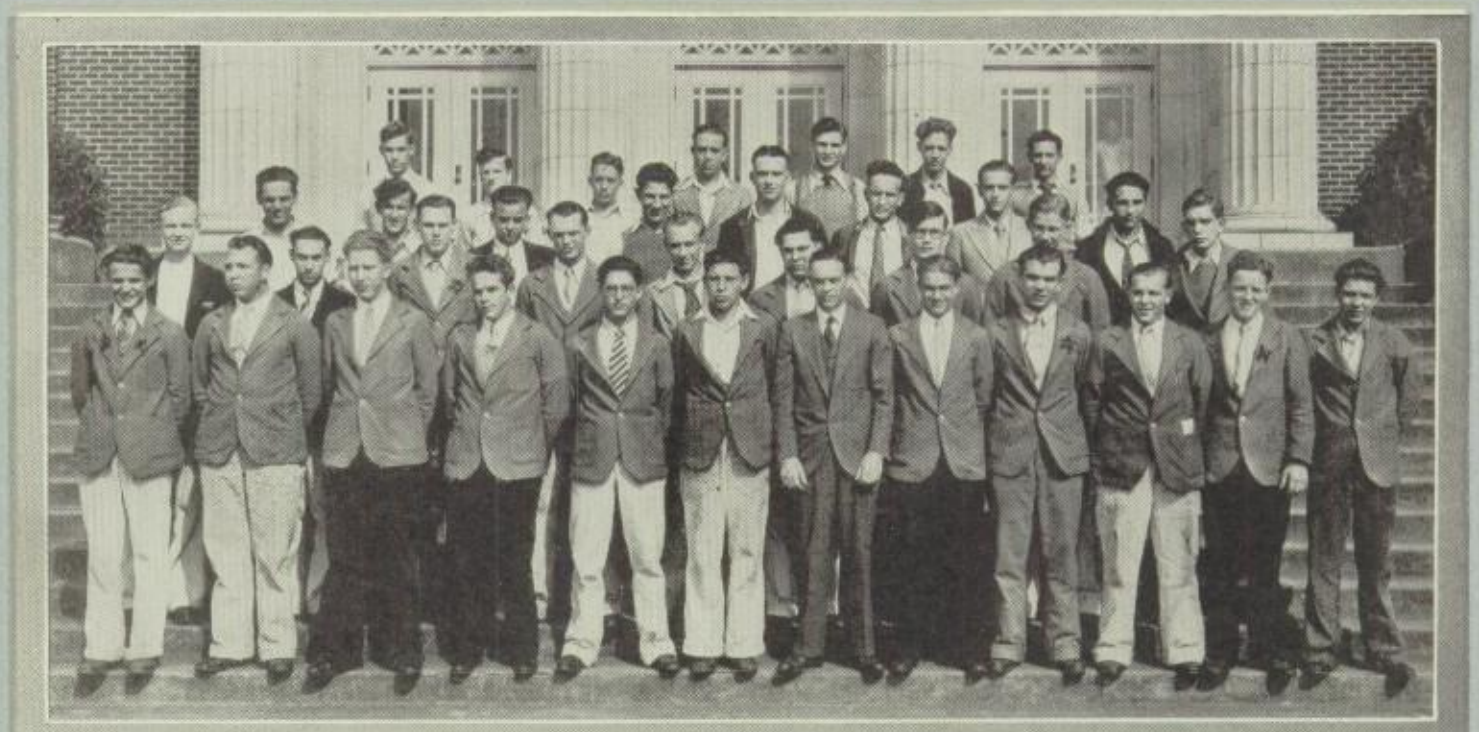
BOB BRADDOCK, *President*
BERNARD WOLDT, *Vice President*
STANLEY HALL, *Secretary*

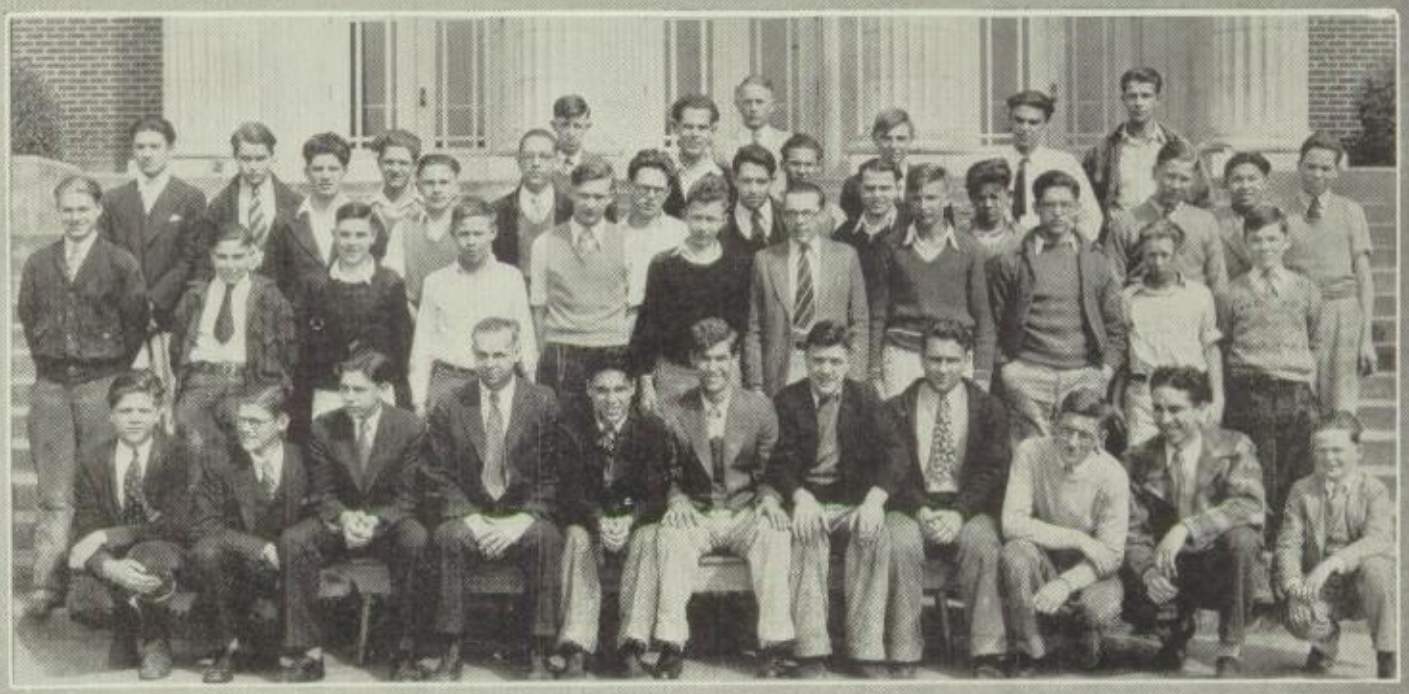
The Minute Men are always very busy during the spring term and practically as busy during the fall term. In the spring they have to sell tickets for a number of things, some of which are student body membership, basketball, wrestling, track meet, class play, Poly Tech, and, biggest of all, Tech Show. The boys carry a lot of responsibility in this work because they are held for any missing tickets. This term the Minute Men have worked very earnestly; as a result a number of records have been surpassed. Stanley Hall with the help of Telore Abendroth and Robert Edson, his assistants, sold more basketball tickets than any one else ever has, and he also succeeded in selling student body tickets to all in Room O in a very short time—something that has not been accomplished before. All ticket sales have been very successful this term, and Miss Craig, the faculty adviser, hopes they will be equally so in the future.

HI-Y

TECH PEP STAFF

MINUTE MEN





TROUBADOURS

CASHIERS

CANDY STAND

TROUBADOURS

C. Lance, *President*
E. Wieneke, *Vice President*
E. Goldhammer, *Secretary*
M. Barnett, *Manager*

The Troubadours have been quite active this term. In addition to the Forest Grove competition they sang at the Music Festival held at Grant High. The boys devote two periods a week to practicing their songs, and this term they have learned about seven new selections. The Forest Grove meet was the biggest event of the semester. Because of the efforts of these boys, Benson made a fine showing in the contest. They managed to win second place among the boys' Glee Clubs. Albert Chambers won first place in boy's medium voice, and Harlan Young took second place in boy's high voice.

This organization offers a fine opportunity to the boys who take an interest in singing. They receive a great deal of valuable advice from their capable leader, Mr. Hollensted. Every little bit of experience they get will be a great help to them especially if they intend to follow up singing, and in addition to the benefit the fellows derive they certainly have a lot of fun.

CASHIERS

Bill J. Mazzocco, *President*
Fremont McCombe, *Vice President*
Jack Graham, *Head Cashier*

These are the fellows who pestered us each Tuesday morning until we consented to deposit some money. They did their best to raise the banking average. Their job was a hard one, for it's a difficult proposition to get the fellows to part with money when there are no immediate returns such as a candy bar or something like that. For some reason or other most of us felt that we were giving away the money and would never see it again. But when the time comes that we need some money and we have it stored away safely in the bank, we will heartily forgive the cashiers for making us dig up a dime or so each Tuesday. We should be especially grateful to them if through their persistent efforts they helped us to form a saving habit which is a blessing to any young man. The fellows don't get anything for their labor, and many of them sacrificed valuable time to the cause. But there is nothing we can do now to show our appreciation, so we hope that virtue will be its own reward.

THE CANDY STAND

There's where our money went, but it went for a good cause. These candy boys did their best to tempt us to part with a nickel or two, and by the size of the daily income, which was about twenty-one dollars, we are convinced that they have succeeded. Every noon they were behind their counter with their goods displayed temptingly ready to serve the hungry lads whose nickels were burning holes in their pockets. If we had kept an account of the money we parted with at the candy stand, the total amount would no doubt be startling.

No longer will the fellows be working under the difficulties presented by the rickety old table; the new counter is conveniently located, and the candy is kept on shelves directly behind the counter instead of in a storeroom as before. For the benefit of those who are not already well acquainted with the candy merchants, their names are F. Hite, W. Hite, Trizil, and R. Nastrom. Mr. Holden is the supervisor.

For in those few years we had lots of sport

AUTOMOTIVE ENGINEERS

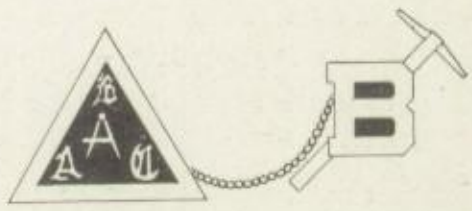
CLYDE SMITH, *President*
BERYL EVANS, *Vice President*
DICK WALLING, *Secretary*
ROBERT WAINER, *Treasurer*

The Benson Automotive Engineers, consisting only of the upper Gas Engine students, have enjoyed a very successful year. When the Auto show was held, the members received free tickets, and most of the aspiring young mechanics attended the show. All of them reported a pleasant and educational evening. The boys were interested in the newest models of automobiles, especially the free-wheeling Hupmobile and the baby Austin.

Mr. Pearl, the faculty adviser, generally allows the club members to use the gas engine repair room for their display during the Tech Show. This display, consisting of the latest models of cars that it is possible to obtain, is always one of the most popular exhibits of the school.

Near the end of the term, the members who have their dues paid and have attended at least all but three meetings, celebrate with a pie and ice cream feed. Of course this is always well attended.

ARCHITECTURAL CLUB



D. CASCIATO, *President*
A. FREDRICKSON, *Vice President*
PAULSON, *Secretary*
R. DAWSON, *Treasurer*

We have increased our work and enlarged our membership a great deal this term. During the early part of this semester a club competition was held and the members of the club showed great enthusiasm in the contest. Charles Gates took first prize; Aleck Small and Ray Upham received second and third prizes, respectively. At the meetings later in the term, some very interesting talks on leading artists and architects were given by various members.

Mr. Smith, the faculty adviser, has assisted the members a great deal and encouraged their interest in architecture.

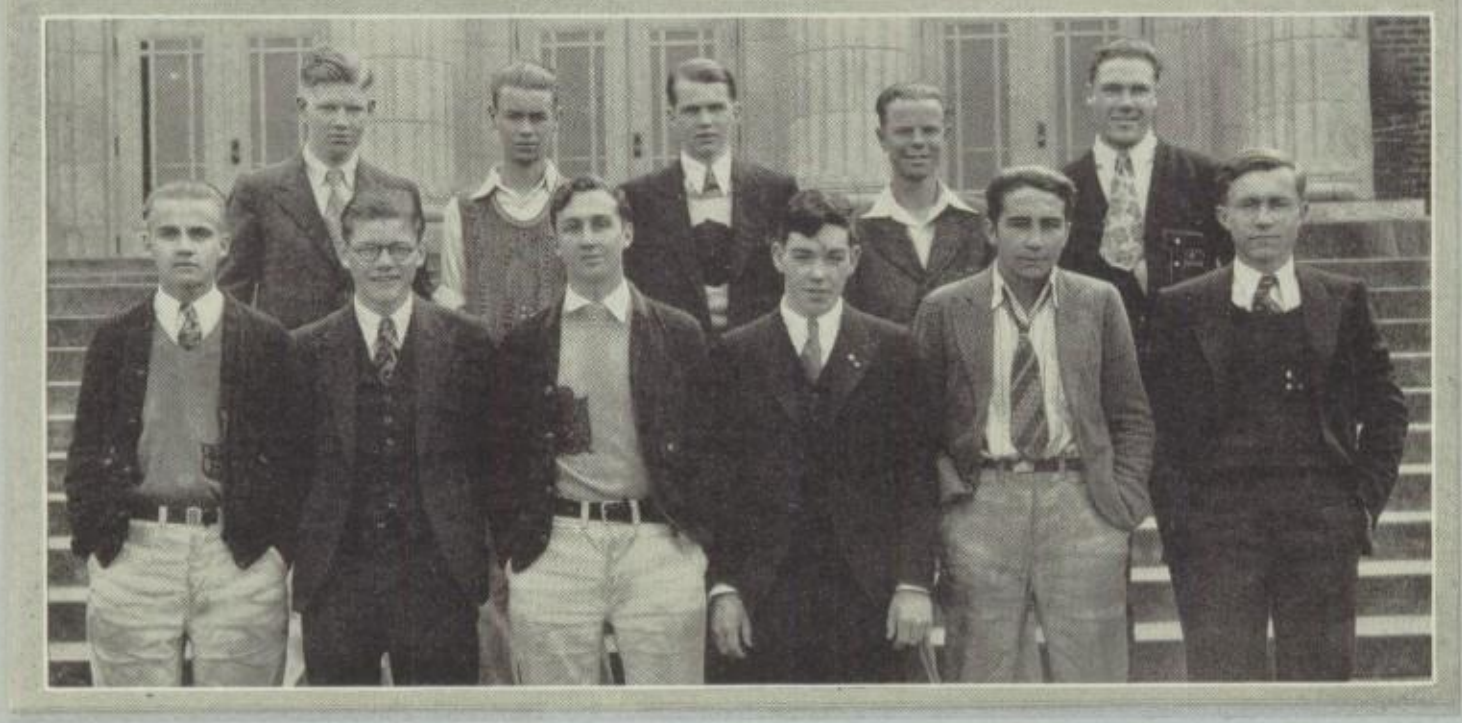
SCIENCE CLUB

KENNETH BEE, *President*
WILLIAM SISLER, JR., *Vice President*
ARNOLD ALHO, *Secretary*
GEORGE MICKEL, *Treasurer*

The Science Club during the last term has had a series of talks on metals by the members of the club, a series of experiments on oil, a trip to a Neon Sign Company, as well as two pie feeds.

Each member has been assigned a metal to report on, and some talks have shown an exhaustive research on the part of the member. Several tests on oil such as flammability, viscosity, specific gravity, etc., were performed by an ex-Benson student for the club. A talk on forestry was given by Mr. Jacobs, a forester of the Northwest. The social activities of this club are mainly the semi-term Pie Feeds in which the members gorge themselves with the pies and ice cream from the Benson Cafe. One was held on April 1st, but it was no April fool joke. Ten boys managed to devour six pies and eight quarts of ice cream; however, most of them were under the weather the next day, but any of them will tell you that it was worth it.

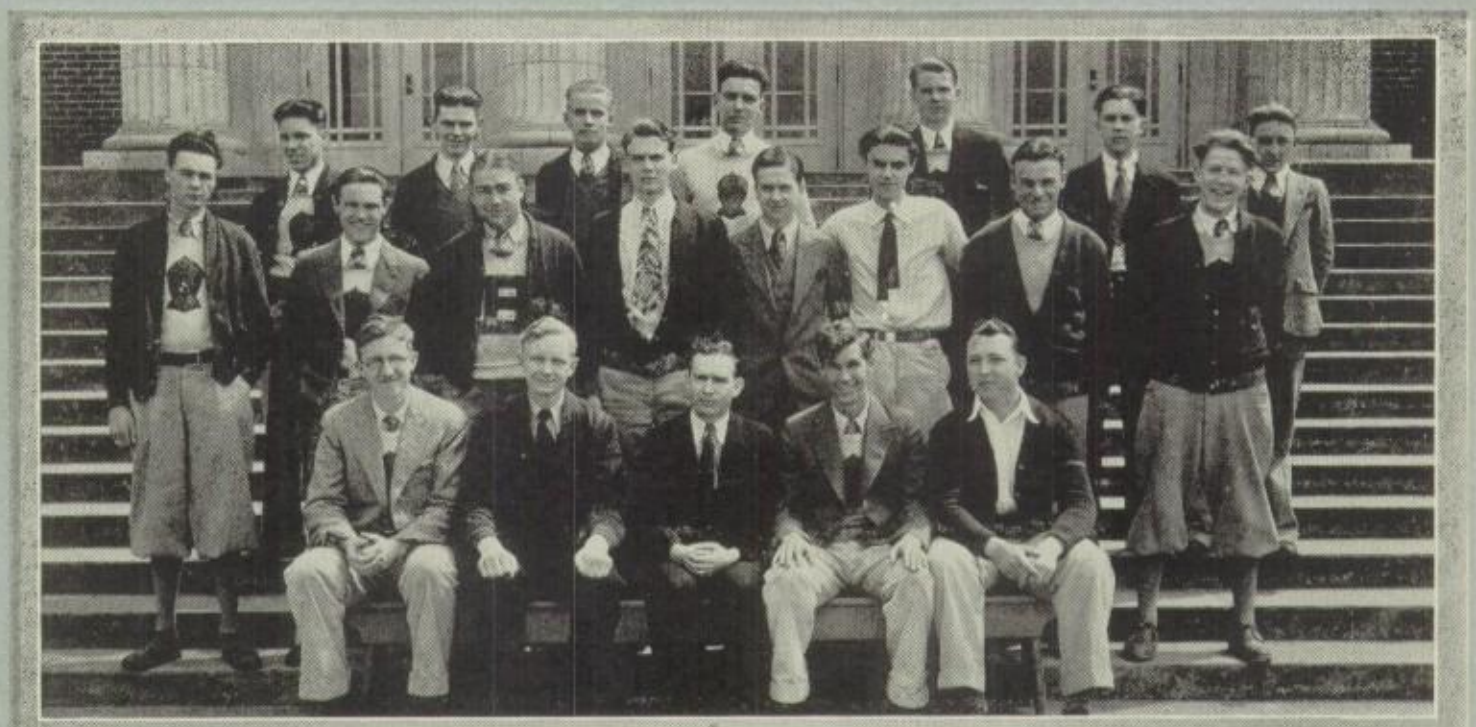
The faculty adviser is Mr. Turner.



AUTOMOTIVE ENGINEERS

ARCHITECTURAL CLUB

SCIENCE CLUB



BENSON KNIGHTS

ORANGE B

FIRE SQUAD

BENSON KNIGHTS

NIILO LAMPI, *President*
FREMONT MCCOMBE, *Vice President*
WINFIELD PULLEN, *Secretary*

The Benson Knights devised an entirely new system for seating the spectators during the basketball games which was tried out and proved to be a success, even at the last big game, giving seats to about five hundred more than would have been otherwise possible. Last year the Knights obtained much of the material for the Benson Handbook and this term were busy boosting the sale of them.

The Knights were instrumental in attaining the unequalled success of the first Benson Student Body Hop this term. During the Tech Show this year the Knights acted as hosts showing the friends of Benson what we offer.

Mr. Graham is the faculty adviser.

THE ORANGE "B"

BILL DUNPHY, *President*
RAND GRAHAM, *Vice President*
OTTO WYSS, *Secretary*
ED GOLDHAMMER, *Treasurer*

The Orange "B" club, one of the oldest and largest clubs in the school, has for its members the athletes who have earned letters. This term, as in the past, the club has helped the coaches put on the shop basketball, baseball, and track tourneys and has furnished officials for these events The club has been most active in urging the younger fellows to try out for their shop teams so that they may become regular varsity athletes.

This club has not limited its scope to athletics, but has given its support to school affairs and has as its ideal the promotion of school spirit and good sportsmanship.

Mr. Drynan is the adviser.

FIRE SQUAD

HARVEY OAKES, *Chief*
ARTHUR MCPHERSON *Asst. Chief*
CLIFF HOLMES, *Fire Marshall*

This group of boys is responsible for our success in fire-drills. This term they arranged a new system for the classes to follow in marching out of the building, and since it has been successful, it will probably be continued in the future. It is the duty of the Fire Squad to see that everyone leaves the building in proper order and in a specified amount of time. In case of fire these boys would handle the fire apparatus in the school, quite likely subduing the blaze before the firemen arrived.

It is necessary in a school of this size to have an efficient means of getting everyone out of the building safely in case of fire. In a boys' school a panic is not so likely to occur as in a co-educational institution; nevertheless we want to be prepared, and it is up to this squad to see that we are ready for emergencies.

PUBLIC SPEAKING CLUB

ALBERT CHAMBERS, *President*
JACK GRAHAM, *Vice President*
HELMER LARSON, *Secretary*

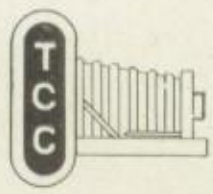
The Public Speaking Club has progressed this term to the point that it is now one of the most popular organizations in Benson. Members of this group have entered into many contests and have made numerous fine showings and brought laurels not only to this club but also to the school.

A brilliant oration won first place in Benson and third place in the city finals for Niilo Lampi, former president of this club. Fremont McCombe and Norman Lee, two other contestants who made fine showings in the Benson finals, are both members of the speaking organization. Those three boys are unanimous in saying that the club was the greatest benefit to them.

The club entered a Mock Trial as its part of the Tech Show entertainment this year. Nearly every member offered his services to the success of the trial.

The faculty adviser is Mr. Karnopp.

CAMERA CLUB



ROBERT LUSE, *President*
MELVIN FITZPATRICK, *Vice President*
ALVIN WILLIAMS, *Secretary*
WILLIAM ROBSON, *Treasurer*

The Camera Club is always quite active, for if the weather doesn't permit the taking of pictures there is always plenty of darkroom work to be done. The club offers many advantages to students who are interested in cameras and picture-taking. The club has the best of equipment with which to work, and the members have a fine opportunity to learn the art of making good pictures.

The club has a modern darkroom which is divided into three sections, a developing room, a printing room, and an enlarging room. The enlarging room is equipped with one of the newest and most up-to-date enlarging machines in Portland. The members are furnished with individual lockers in which each may keep his extra equipment.

The head of the Drawing Department, Mr. Allingham, is the club adviser.

THE TOOLMAKERS CLUB

F. KIRCHER, *President*
A. LERCH, *Vice President*
G. SWANSON, *Secretary-Treasurer*

This organization is quite different from any other club in the school. It consists entirely of post-graduate students who spend practically all their time studying toolmaking, the purpose of the club being to further the members' knowledge of that trade. Before a boy may become a member, he must first work at least one term in the toolmaking department in addition to the time required in the regular course. During this term he may attend the meetings, but he is not entitled to wear the club pin until he becomes a full-fledged member.

A committee of three provide entertainment which includes parties, camping and fishing trips, etc.; they also arrange for instructive talks by the members. Because of the fact that most of the members have to work outside of school, the club has not been able to have many outside activities this term.

Mr. Williams is the faculty adviser.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

TOOL MAKERS

CAMERA CLUB

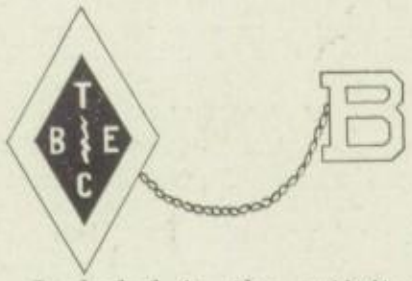
RADIO

ELECTRIC

OYER-UN-GON

To us they'll be as they were in school

RADIO CLUB



W. Williams, *President*
H. Johnson, *Vice President*
C. Muller, *Secretary*
E. White Ley, *Treasurer*

The Radio Club has been busy during the past term. Included in the activity list, in addition to the regular run of business, were three outstanding trips, and many technical talks given by members of the club. The trips were to station "L," the steam-electric generating plant of the power company; to the powerful Radio Station "KEX" of Portland; and to the manufacturing plant of the Claude Neon Sign Co. The entire radio station was rebuilt into units by the members; the units include the transmitter, the receiver, and their associated power supplies.

Mr. Stevens, the adviser, has helped them with their work.

ELECTRIC CLUB

Wm. B. Sisler, *President*
Winfield Pullen, *Vice President*
Alvin S. Williams, *Secretary*
Richard Wood, *Treasurer*

During the last term the Electric Club has had five speakers from several nation-wide electrical apparatus firms who talked about new apparatus and interesting applications. The club visited five large power plants some of which were out of town. Tours through large electrical companies such as the Telephone Company were made as well as through city owned projects such as the fire alarm station. A whole day was spent at the Longbell lumber mills at Longview, Washington. Seven technical movies have been shown at club meetings, and Mr. Brereton, the club adviser, talked to the club on many interesting subjects including the electron theory. The club has held two parties during the past year. The Electric Club exhibit has always been an interesting feature in the Tech Show.

OYER-UN-GON CLUB

Donald Vaughan, *President*
Maxwell Beno, *Vice President*
George Mickel, *Secretary*
Kenneth Bee, *Treasurer*

The Oyer-un-gon Club again became one of the most active clubs in the school this year. The purpose of the club is to study the nature of Oregon by taking trips, having lectures, etc. To do this the club took hikes to View Point, Wildcat Mountain, Larch Mountain, Wahtum Lake, and a trip around the Mt. Hood Loop. Also each new member admitted to the club was required to give a talk on some nature subject at one of the meetings. Then to cap a most successful year, the club put on one of the best exhibits of the Tech Show.

While on these hikes the boys studied the wild life of the forests and took many pictures which were added to the new photograph album bought this term. On the trip to Wildcat Mountain many animal tracks were found in the snow and studied carefully for future reference.

Memories of them will be dear to our hearts

THE TYPE-HI CLUB

RODNEY FORD, *President*
STANLEY HALL, *Vice President*
MARK WOODRUFF, *Secretary-Treasurer*

The Type-Hi Club, the printers' organization which advertises school affairs, may boast that among its members are several prominent students. Included in the roll call are students who have at some time been presidents of fourteen various clubs, members who have displayed athletic ability, three editors and two associate editors, and almost all the rest are active in other organizations of the school.

Early this spring the members decided to spend part of the money in the treasury for something useful. After thorough discussion they decided to purchase a mirror for the print shop locker room. A large mirror now adorns the wall, and it has proved to be quite popular with the students. For the Tech Show the club published a booklet, "What Benson Has to Offer Your Boy." Its purpose was to convince the parents that Benson is the school for their boy.

Mr. Willis is the faculty adviser.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB

ROLAND WESTERMANN, *President*
NATHAN KING, *Secretary*

Discussion of foreign affairs of world interest is the main topic of the International Relations Club. This term the Woodworking shop has been working on a novel project for this group. It is in the form of a wooden book of about thirty pages, which will have the flag of a foreign country mounted on each page. A short description of the country and its history will bear its author's signature.

Representatives have gone to the public library to a meeting of the International clubs of the city where the inter-club activity is discussed. On Friday, April 24, several members from the Benson group attended a banquet at Reed College at which were held a debate and a group of symposiums. Each high school in Portland participated in the event, the Benson delegation furnishing the chairman of the debate.

The faculty adviser is Mr. Washburn.

KUMPUS KLUB

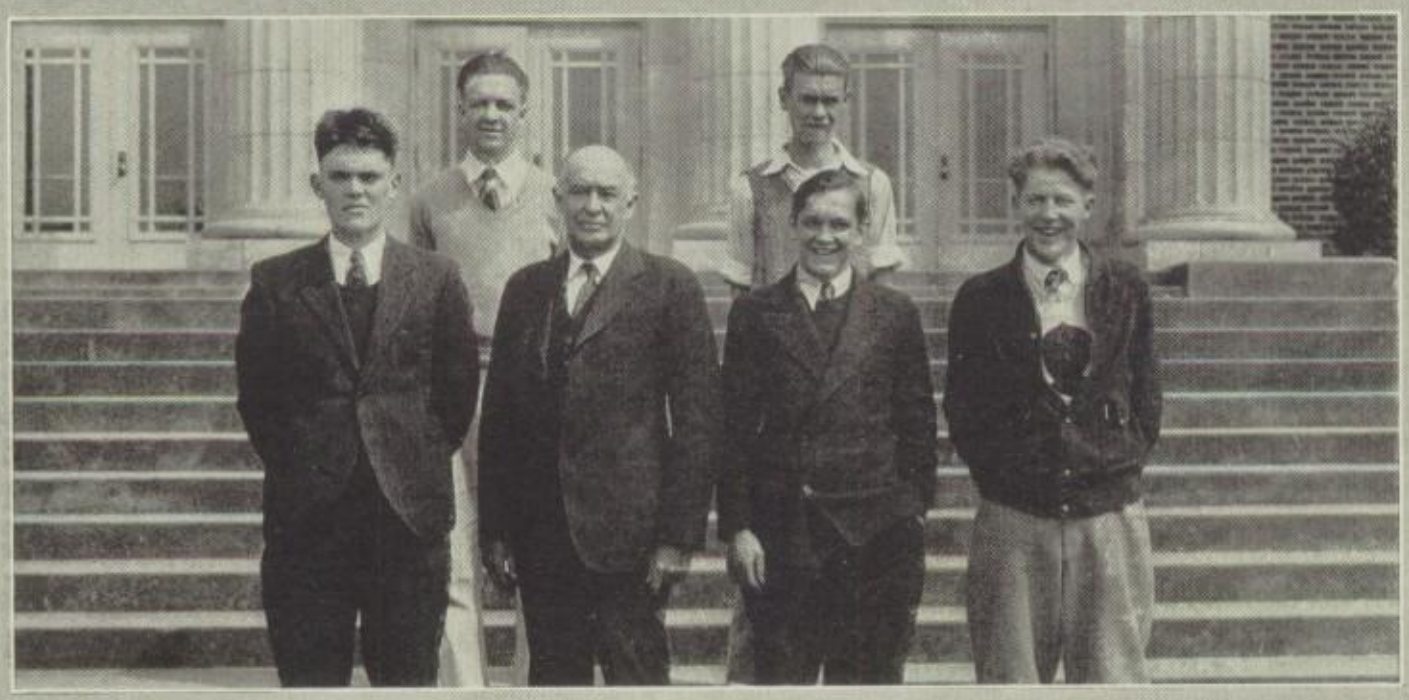
ROBERT WAGNER, *President*
G. SHEPHERD, *Vice President*
SELWYN MONROE, *Secretary*
JACK GRAHAM, *Treasurer*

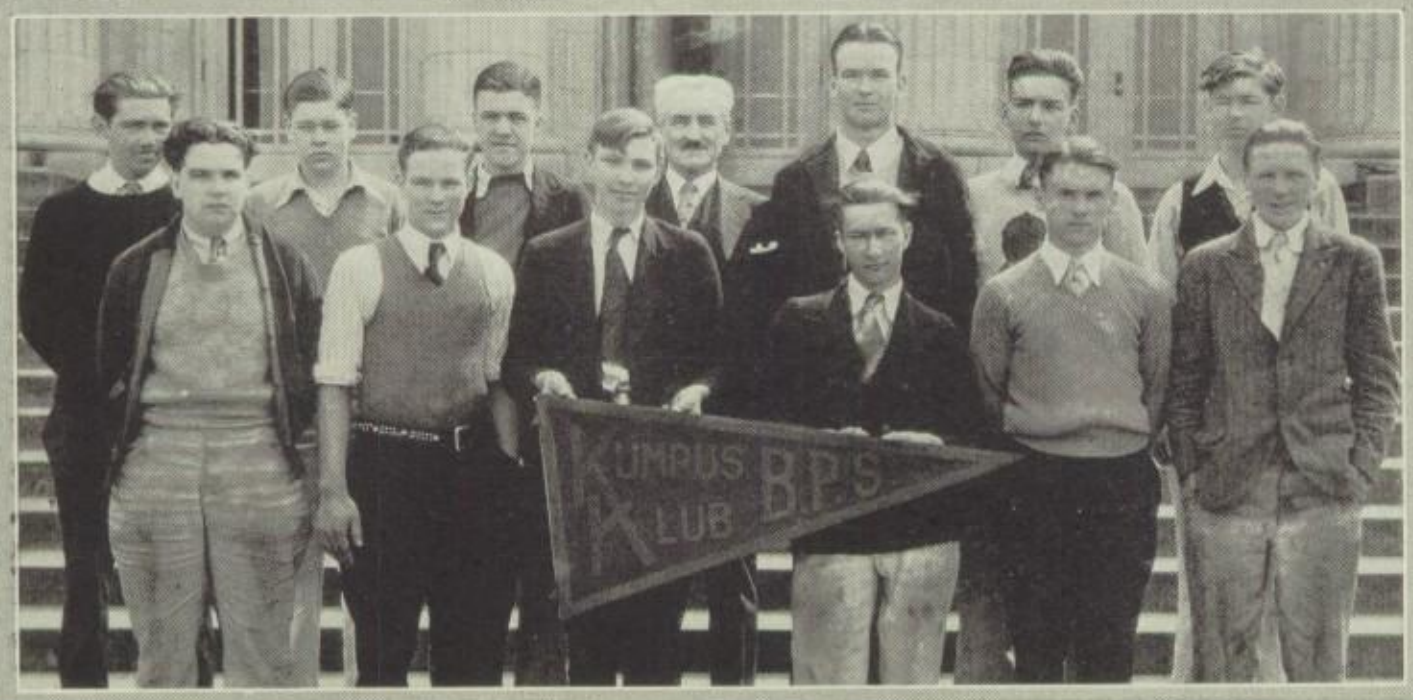
During the last year the Kumpus Klub went on a hike to Larch Mountain. Approximately a dozen members went, and the trip turned out to be very successful. On the top pinnacle pictures were taken for the club scrapbook, as the hungry boys gulped down their lunch.

Hearing of a large family in dire need of food and almost everything else, the club decided to help out in a practical way by collecting groceries, clothes, and toys for a Christmas gift. The gratitude of the family repaid the club.

The club holds its regular meetings on the first Tuesday after the first Monday of each month.

Mr. Harrison is the faculty adviser.





TYPE-III

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

KUMPUS KLUB

ORCHESTRA

BAND

JANUARY '32 CLASS

ATHLETICS

BY BILL J. MAZZOCCO

BASKETBALL

One hundred sixty-four youngsters turned out early in the recent basketball campaign to battle for positions on the Benson quintet, and when the remainder of the extra-large group completed the season, they proved to be the hardest-working, most successful hoop-minded basketball team ever to don Orange and Blue uniforms. First of all the hoopers performed in thirty combats through-out the year, which in all probability constitutes a seasonal record for Tech teams. Brightest of all the achievements, they advanced nearer to the Oregon state prep title than any other Benson Tech quintet has been able to do.

Of the thirty games, the Mechanic five won 23. Seven games were dropped at infrequent intervals, giving the Tech school the enviable percentage of .767. Eleven pre-season tilts netted nine victories; the regular high school schedule of fourteen games added eleven more scalps; and the state championship series, an aftermath, supplied a trio of wins out of five attempts.

Clifford "Mac" McLean, sophomore forward who was recruited from the 1930 junior ranks, displayed the classiest playing that has been seen in many years. During the state tourney in the Willamette University gym, Salem, his flashy all-round play brought him all-state honors. His floor-work was unprecedented for Oregon high schools. He dribbled and passed with bewildering deception.

Of the regular five boys who started the games, four displayed enough ability to warrant them getting all-city posts.

Captain Bill Courtney, another brilliant sophomore and only letterman to win a regular spot on the Tech line-up, was picked for a guard position. He was the team's general, on numerous occasions calling time-out just in the nick of time to quell the opponents scoring orgy and to revive his seemingly faltering mates. Little Bill was invulnerable on the defense despite his abbreviated stature, and played as consistent a game as any hooper in the local circuit.

Morris Helser, nicknamed "the Flying Dutchman," grabbed a guard post on the mythical prep quintet, probably because of his great offensive play during the season. Young Morrie wasn't even a regular at the outset of the year, but he hustled his way to a place on the Poly team, and later to greater glory. Helser outscored every guard in the city with the exception of Lowell Brown, crack Jefferson rear-court star.

Barney Woldt completes the quartet of Benson all-stars. The best jumping center in the circuit, and smart in playing the ball off the backboard, Woldt won the respect of the scribes for the pivot selection. He was a dangerous man to let astray for cripple shots at any angle, and occasionally provoked the opposition with uncanny shots when he wasn't facing the basket.

McLean, beside taking city and state honors, won the foul-shooting crown by sinking 29 throws from the gift line. He tallied 245 markers during the thirty contests and established a season's record for Benson athletes. Oliver Raikko's mark of 180 points made in 1928 had withstood all the onslaughts previous to the arrival of Mr. "Mac." Raikko's sum was hung up in twenty games, however.

George "Bud" Wiese, the remaining regular, was one of the smoothest-working athletes any local team possessed, but he had the ill-fortune to be overshadowed by the remarkable performances of four all-stars. Regardless,"Bud" played an important role in the success of the Benson team. Wiese was selected to check the long and lanky pivot men, and the league was full of them. He turned in stellar defensive work along that line. He held the prep scoring ace, McChesney, to five points, all of which were flukes; he let down the all-star

Willard Jones with three tallies; and to cap his sensational playing, he kept the towering six-foot-five Cliff Folen scoreless during the first Tech-Jeff meeting. Needless to add, his work was little short of phenomenal considering the circumstances.

Bob Braddock and Bill Schuff, who offered the stiffest competition for the regulars, were good enough players to do regular duty for other local clubs, but owing to that same fact that four all-stars graced Benson's line-up, they were forced to be content with relief work. Braddock was a regular at the start of the race, until a painful side kept him on the bench. When he recuperated from the ill effects, he found his old job very much taken. Bill Schuff played a good deal of the time, and proved to be a big help when one of the mainstays was jerked because of injuries or fouls.

Bill Cox, Charles Manns, and Jimmy Wiechman, three dependable subs, accompanied the squad to the state meet. Bill Cox was a good forward who will return to add to his athletic history as will "modest" Charles Manns. Both these basketeers were valuable members who replaced their weary mates and did a good job of it.

Much is expected of Jimmy Wiechman, tall center who formerly raced over the boards for the Sellwood Colts. He attracted attention with his remarkable playing in the final league game when he was shoved in Woldt's place. He held his own with the Democratic champs, and his showing created discussion among the students.

Besides these ten boys who were awarded "B's," there were a number of athletes who were needed for the daily workouts. These boys, commonly called "scrubs", were the ones who "made" the team. Without their aid, Director Hobson would have had a trying time.

There was Lawrence Christianson, popular athlete, who was described as the spark of the squad. He seemed to be just the tonic that the team needed during the strenuous campaign. The boys delighted in seeing him on the court.

Another was Francis Courtney, brother of the Tech captain, who broke in on a number of occasions. And there was big John Blakely, whose mammoth hands caused no end of discussion. He could actually grip a basketball with one hand.

Others who stayed after school with the team and who will break into print next year are Roy Anderson, center, Joe Hamill, Schneider. These lads were essential cogs in the battering Benson machine.

Manager Ben Grout had a good deal to do with the Benson hoopers. Benny stayed after school with the athletes each school day and attended to all the minor details of caring for the equipment, handling the first aid, supplying rub downs, and the like. He accompanied the team to Salem in order to do his bit.

As for the basketball trophies, Benson has yet to win one. But the 1931 edition of Tech hoopers came gloriously close to gaining a pair. They were obliterated from the championship picture on the last night of the schedule by a game bunch of Democrats. Jefferson Hi took the Portland cup with a 34 to 25 decision.

After being forced out of the state title round in the semi-finals by a veteran Salem quintet, Benson staged a half-hearted comeback to trounce Baker and enter the finals of the consolation series. However, the durable Astorian opponents captured the trophy from a fagged out Orange team, 30—23.

Benson basketeers stood high in the Portland scoring column. McLean trailed McChesney, leading scoring ace, by three baskets with 119 points. Barney Woldt wasn't far down the list with 96 markers; Morrie Helser tallied 82 points; Bud Wiese shot in an even fifty markers; and Cap Courtney sunk 44 timely tallies.

A big feature of the 1931 basketball race was the splendid sportsmanship of the competing aggregations. Jefferson Hi especially displayed the underlying spirit prevalent among the local schools when they combined rooting forces with Benson after the Democrats had been ousted from further play in the championship games by Pendleton.

SCORES FOR ENTIRE SEASON
(Practice Games)

Benson 34—Columbia Prep. 21
Benson 28—Vancouver 9

BASKET BALL

BASE BALL

TRACK

SOCCER

WRESTLING

TENNIS

GOLF

Benson 24—Stevenson 13
Benson 34—Oregon City 25
Benson 27—Willamette Frosh 32
Benson 28—Columbia Prep 16
Benson 17—Peninsula Aces 22
Benson 24—Sellwood Colts 21
Benson 34—Oregon Frosh 32
Benson 31—Nepage McKenny 25
Benson 29—Vancouver 18

(League Games)

Benson 26—Commerce 18
Benson 22—Roosevelt 21
Benson 31—Grant 27
Benson 25—Washington 24
Benson 23—Franklin 26
Benson 20—Lincoln 11
Benson 16—Jefferson 36
Benson 47—Roosevelt 31
Benson 33—Commerce 16
Benson 29—Grant 20
Benson 37—Washington 21
Benson 37—Franklin 19
Benson 33—Lincoln 21
Benson 25—Jefferson 34

(State Tournament)

Benson 35—Pleasant Hill 19
Benson 24—Ashland 22
Benson 18—Salem 25
Benson 28—Baker 15
Benson 23—Astoria 30
Benson 823—Opponents 681

WRESTLING

Benson's wrestling campaign was nothing more than repetition of victories of previous years as the Tech grapplers won the Oregon high school championship for the fifth consecutive season and the Portland prep title for seventh straight year. The Mechanics were undefeated throughout the campaign, and on one day the boys turned in some heavy work, taking the measure of two opponents. After school the Benson matmen went to work and handed the Sandy high grapplers a sound licking, and later in the evening they repeated their performance opposing the Central "Y" aggregation.

Corvallis, who had beaten every out-of-town group of preppers, met Benson's star bone-crushers for the state title. They met a stubborn bunch of Techmen who refused to relinquish their state-wide honors, and as a result were badly beaten by a 115-27 score.

Franklin, chief Portland rival, succumbed twice to the Bensonites and was defeated very convincingly. Jefferson high school and the Chemawa Indians met the same fate.

Outstanding this year on the Orange team was "T. N. T." Sutherman, 135 pound state title-holder who took on men ten pounds out of his division, and beat them. The three Boardwell brothers, Gibson, Crase, A. Hanson, Benson, Stevens, Lincoln, D. Wiese, Garrison, Schooling, Keyes, Sulewski,, H. Hanson, Boyer, Craig, Knight, Soo, Pratt, Robertson, Sutherman, Locke, and Goldsmith did well enough to win their awards this year.

GOLF AND TENNIS

With an abundance of material turning out before the season, the golf and tennis sports loomed to be highly successful this spring, but after a few weeks of play on the scholastic league, both aggregations started taking losses. The tennis team which was expected to make a strong bid for the high school title fell before the experiencd veterans from Washington and Jefferson.

Wayne Sabin and Elwood Cooke turned in the most wins. Sabin, a freshman, played No. 1 man and Cooke played No. 2. Captain Cox and Donald Vaughn played the doubles, with Arnold Statz, Greathouse, Hald, and Clarence Benson also performing in some sets.

Among the golfers were Eddie Beck, sensational star, and Lawrence Quinlin, winner of a flight in the Meier & Frank tourney. Burch, Supke, and Bates also played good games.

Although they lost a pair of matches, the team was the best that represented Benson in recent years.

The athlete heros were famous in school

SOCCER

The Benson soccer team was forced once more to be content with second place in the league standings, and once more to bow to Jefferson Hi. This was the second consecutive time that the Techmen failed to win the title.

Mr. George W. Brown coached the Benson lads to the runner-up position in the absence of Mr. Drynan, who piloted the team to seven straight pennants. What really defeated the Techmen in the race for first honors was a sturdy group of kickers from Roosevelt who took the season opener from Benson. Since each game was worth two points in the standings, that contest proved to be our undoing, as Jefferson nosed out the Mechanics by one point.

Outstanding men on the team were: Ted Binns, flashy half; Vernon Cole, hard-working goalie; Al Gammon, speed merchant; Ed Lahti, fullback, Bill Pinto, all-round star, Stan Rolfsness, and Frankie Schroeder. Barnick, Ellis, Howard, Howlett, Swank, Roth, Myers, Roberts, Henzel, and Hodges performed brilliantly and were awarded letters.

BASEBALL

A tie for third place was the reward of a hard-working Benson baseball team in the double round schedule of the last season. After a shaky start in which the Tech nine dropped upset after upset, the Mechanics started going, and in the last half of the year proved to be real poison to all the league leaders.

Shirley Brown, ace of the Tech hurling corps, experienced difficulty rounding into shape by the time the opening game rolled around, and the Lincoln team took a 3-1 decision from the Mechanics. A series of defeats in the first seven games gave the Techmen three wins in seven starts.

Brown dropped three games in succession, and his hurling mate, Jack Criswell, was rushed to the mound in a pair of contests, both of which he won. Helser, who did a little pitching besides regular fly-chasing duty, won the first engagement with Washington for the third Benson victory.

The second half was a different story altogether. Grant was the only team to down Benson in this part of the season, and they took a hard-fought 5-4 triumph from Criswell.

Shirley Brown became himself again, starting five games and winning each one. He displayed his real ability when he hooked up in a mound duel with Oscar "Red" Miller, Commerce southpaw, and beat him 2-1. In this contest Brown struck out seven batters in a row, the first three whiffing with the bases crammed to capacity.

Benson won victories over every team in the league at least once, and administered a double-killing to Washington and Roosevelt. Eddie Beck, all-star shortstop, was the hitting star of the team with a slugging mark of .442. Cliff McLean, another all-star who caught, banged out a .356 mark. Bill Courtney, veteran first-baseman, also came through with a .300 batting average and homed twice.

At the outset of the campaign, Petrone and Edwards started in the outfield, but before the close of the race Manns, Kirby, Chong, and Helser performed on the green lawn. Abbot's brilliant fielding resulted in his being placed on first, but Courtney soon took over the spot. McMurphy played on second with Kirby filling in during midseason, and Eddie Beck was a fixture at short. Contreras was at third most of the season, but Koch replaced him early in the second half.

Among the all-stars were McLean, catcher; Brown, pitcher; Courtney, first base; and Beck, shortstop.

10 ¢ A DANCE

GRAND JURY

ANALYZING "SPRING FEVER"

SIGNIFYING NO BRAINS

MORE "SPRING FEVER"

FRESH AIR TAXI

BOLD LOVER

SAME BOLD LOVER

THE EDITOR.

YOUNG LEWIS AND CLARK

NOT RELATED

WE CAME - WE SAW - WE CONQUERED

TRUE LOVE

ELEVEN FEET

INNOCENCE

CONTEMPLATION

DETERMINATION

IT WONT BE LONG NOW

TWO LAYERS OF NOTHING

TRUE FRIENDSHIP

SWEDEN AND NORWAY

AS IT WAS

AS IT IS

JOE

15 ½ POUNDS

GETTING UP IN THE WORLD

ONWARD UPWARD EVER

STRIPPED FOR ACTION

"SOUP'S ON"

SURE HE CAN COOK

DOOMED

A Story of Seal Poaching in the Pribilof Island

VERNE WEBER
Member Benson Scribes

"Tomorrow we're goin' seal poachin', mates."

When Captain Jones announced this fact we knew that he had made up his mind and we were glad. Not a man of us regretted that he was a sailor on the little tramp MARIE; we led adventurous lives, and we exulted in knowing that our villainous old captain had decided upon such an exciting expedition.

We of the MARIE'S crew certainly had little in common with other sea-faring men. We were not the kind who sail on large modern boats and have no thought of doing other than honest business. That was a tame life indeed when compared with our thrilling existence. We were more like the bold pirates of old days, the fearless spirit of whom had descended to us, making us as wild and lawless as they. We were rogues living only for adventure. We received with joy the news that we were going north to poach seals.

"Where are we goin', skipper?" asked someone.

Captain Jones spat a brown jet of tobacco juice over the rail, and spoke, interjecting, as usual, colorful oaths to make what he said the more effective.

"We're goin' to the Pribilofs."

"The Pribilofs!"

"Yes—the Pribilofs. What did you think I said, the Canaries?"

"They're——" began the sailor.

"They're filthy with seals," said the captain, "An we're goin' to skin a few before all the pups are born and the big seals take to the water."

"But captain, the Russians are guardin' them night and day."

"Well, what if they are? Is that any sign we can't cruise up there an' look around?"

"Ain't we takin' an awful chance?"

"Chance—who's takin' a chance, anyhow? Hain't you been roamin' around with me long enough to know that I've never got you into anything I couldn't get you out of? I begin to think that you're gettin' afraid—turnin' yellow! Why, man, they ain't any more danger than if we were runnin' a ferry.

"Sure, I know that them Russians are a wide-awake gang, but they can't watch the whole sea at once; you ought to know that! An' now, my boys, get below an' do somethin' on them boilers. Step lively, now!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" we answered, and we were soon at work.

At the break of dawn on the next day we sailed for the Pribilofs.

Of course, you know that the Pribilofs are the greatest of all the seal islands in the world. In the springtime the great hordes of fur seals come to the rocky rookeries to breed. They seem to come in multitudes, but in reality they are scarce because of relentless killing in former times. For many years these creatures have been protected on their breeding places that they might once again increase to the numbers which used to be.

Poaching was dangerous, and the Russians were v i g i l a n t, but we laughed away any fears just as we had always done. T h e Russians would confine us in the deep salt mines of Siberia if they caught us, but the adventure we would have was well worth the risks.

As soon as the slow, old-fashioned MARIE could get us t h e r e, we arrived at the Pribilofs. They are called islands, but they are really, huge masses of black rock jutting out of the sea. We saw no human beings on the barren places, nor did we see any boats on all the gently rolling water about us. The shrilly screaming sea birds and the herds of silly-looking seals were the only living things to be seen. Evening was at hand, so we dropped o u r anchor and waited for morning.

"Hadn't we better do it tonight when there's n o chance o f bein' seen?" someone asked; he was one of the very few who had fears, but he was only a cabin b o y, s o we thought nothing of it. Who was he to understand our lives?

"Blast you, what do you take us for, a pack of owls? We want to see what we're gettin', an what we want is prime fur." And the captain bellowed a few curses at those who were continually becoming afraid.

The morning dawned dark and gloomy; the water was a little rough, and heavy clouds hung sullenly above us. We clambered upon the islands and lost no time in beginning the slaughter. I confess that the killing was horrible, and we killed many which were not in the best of condition, or which were too young to be of any use. But once we got started, it seemed, we couldn't help killing everything that we c a m e upon. For the whole morning we clubbed seals; when afternoon came, the rocky places were red with blood, and covered with heaps of skinned carcasses, upon which rested innumerable feasting sea fowl.

Then, what some feared would come did come, and we swore at that which might possibly make an interruption in our work.

We all saw it, a blotch of black smoke not far away clearly visible under the gray clouds. We all had misgivings about whether we could leave the islands undiscovered. Frantically we worked to haul the pelts out to the MARIE while it was not yet necessary to depart.

We were favored with some more rough talk by Captain Jones, and he squinted as he looked out over the sea.

"It's prob'ly only a freighter," said he, "but I don't know what business it's got up here 'cause this ain't no sailin' route."

"Mebbe it's a poacher," ventured one of the crew.

"It might be a patrol," continued the captain, "but that's nothin' to worry about. It'll have t o come clear up here to see what we done,

an' we can be on our way by that time. No matter who it is, it wouldn't be able to get here before dark, anyway."

He was wrong, however, in the latter, for the boat approached rapidly. We watched it carefully to determine its identity; the captain looked intently through his binoculars. Then he shouted, "It's time to go, men; that's the Russian patrol!" and we rowed hastily out to the MARIE.

We headed south, moving leisurely along as though quite oblivious to the fact that the cutter was in existence. We watched it rather fearfully, but it seemed not to notice us as it skimmed along. In an hour we were well away from the Pribilofs; the cutter was just arriving there. It did not hesitate, but swung sharply around, and came full speed directly in our wake. The Russians knew what we had done!

We ran from them, or rather we tried to. The captain ordered the speed increased, and sent a few of us to the fireroom to help the stokers.

"An you do some real firin', too, if you want to get out of this alive. Don't stand there; get a move on!"

It is laughable to think of the slow, lumbering MARIE trying to out-run such a boat as the Russian patrol—the swiftest craft in the northern waters. But we tried it, and we did not have to wait long to see that our efforts would be unavailing. Our attempt seemed feeble and hopeless when compared with the ease and certainty with which the other gained on us.

That was the worst afternoon that I or any of my companions had ever spent—we who were fugitives, scared, suddenly repentant, knowing that we would be caught no matter how we tried to get away. We couldn't get away from that Russian. It was a mile behind, but it was gaining swiftly. The thought of those inevitable salt mines struck us with violence and would not leave us. The salt mines—dark, hard, cruel; once in there, we would be there for life, forever excluded from the light of day, spending the remainder of our lives in back-breaking toil. That life to be lived forever! Forever—surely it wasn't a pleasant outlook for us who had been so free.

The pursuer continued to gain. It crept up on us smoothly, without effort—a very noticeable contrast to our own jerky, hesitant progress. Evening was still far away, so any chances we might have of escaping in the darkness were negligible, for we would be captured long before twilight. We grimly allowed ourselves one more hour of freedom. We would be lucky to get that. Anyway, any punishment we could get would be no more than we deserved. Even as we acknowledged this, we hoped that we might be spared capture and its accompanying humiliation. And the salt mines—we were doomed; there was no doubt of that, so we might as well surrender. But no, there is something to fighting to the end.

The MARIE was traveling as fast as she could possibly go. Her single black funnel was belching smoke like a volcano; she was trembling and straining; her engines were roaring. Her boilers should have blown up long ago—we had been lucky to survive as long as we had; we were surprised when dusk approached,

and we were still uncaptured. We knew that our freedom would end before long, though, for the cutter was relentlessly closing the gap between us, and we could do nothing about it. We were helpless; our usual spirit, the heritage from the past ages, was gone. In its place was fear. The captain alone of all the men on the ship was fighting; he seemed to feel that he was responsible for our plight, and he appeared to be trying to do as much as he could to relieve the danger. We worked and sweated, but we did not fight. Captain Jones and his MARIE were fighting for each other; we were onlookers.

The cutter pressed on like a greyhound, cutting the tossing waves easily, seemingly mocking us for the futility of our retreat; white clouds of spray flew off its bow—only a speedy boat could throw spray like that. The MARIE wallowed along like a cattle barge, going over the swells instead of through them. The Russian was very close, two or three hundred yards at most; we did not care enough to notice such detail. The pursuer signalled us with flapping flags to stop, but we merely cursed and continued to flee. We observed some sort of activity on the cutter's fore-deck, but we did not know what it was. Then we saw a burst of smoke, and a shell screamed over our heads; another and another followed. Possibly we would be killed if we did not surrender, but even that was better than the salt mines.

Then as suddenly and as silently as the night, the fog dropped, and we were completely hidden from the Russian. What a fog it was! I believe I had never seen a thicker one; a person might as well have tried to look through one of the MARIE's rusty plates as to attempt to penetrate the murkiness. It seemed as though one of the dark clouds above us had suddenly dropped to the sea.

Why that fog fell when it did, I do not know. Was there some Power that saw we were aware of the mistake we had made? Did it know that we would repent? Did it forgive us for the brutal inhuman deed we had done? I do not know, but that fog fell at a very opportune moment. It seems so strange that the fog should come just when it did to be the salvation of the MARIE and her wild crew. Surely, such a thing could never happen in actual life. But no, such a thing is possible. for the story is true. The man who told it to me was a sailor on the MARIE, but he has repented. He lives in Portland today, thankful that he is alive and free. However, when he speaks of the sea and the bold days when he was a youth, his eyes are wistful, for the spirit of the pirates is still with him. He says he is very tame to what he was, but his talk is still highly colored by his rough seamen's oaths, showing that he has not completely forgotten.

He was positive, he says, that he was doomed to enter the salt mines, and he admits that he is still doomed, but not to such a terrible punishment. Now he must live a comparatively quiet life, but even that is better than the salt mines when one has the choice to make.

THE BUTTON

The Story of a Temperamental Boss and a Curious Office Boy

MARK WOODRUFF

Wanted: One young man for general office work.

That sign looked pretty good to Paul Henning, so he straightened his tie, brushed the front of his coat with his bare hands, and walked into the building with a confident air.

No need to go through the steps leading to his employment, but anyway, he got the job and that's where this tale originated. His work turned out to be nothing else but what the sign in the hallway downstairs had offered, but there was an outside chance of advancement or at least connection with some of the other business men who might discover his talent and give him a better position.

Paul Henning was confident of his success, and probably that helped him put over the good opinion of himself to land this twelve dollar a week position in the firm on the third floor. He had just graduated from high school, so of course anything looked good to start with.

Before being assigned his work, Paul was warned of an unusually odd thing.

"See that button up high in the far corner of the wall?"

"Yes."

"Well, never press it."

"Yes, sir."

Paul Henning looked at his new boss in a questioning manner, as if to ask him what the button was for. Perhaps the man had forgotten to mention the use of it. But on the other hand, maybe it was none of his business, so he tried to forget it.

The next morning, bright and early, Paul Henning was at the office dusting off the furniture before the boss came to work. He glanced around the room to see that everything was tidy, and in this swift view, that odd button caught his eyes. It was located high up on the wall, almost to the ceiling, and close to the corner of the room. What the button was for, and why it was located there, aroused the curiosity of the young office boy. He cautiously tiptoed over to it and eyed it more closely. It appeared the same as any button, probably for an electrical appliance of some sort; but what in the world it would be located there for, he couldn't imagine.

He racked his brain for some good reason, but it was useless.

For three more mornings, he worked about the office getting things ready before the boss came. For the same period, he kept his curiosity fixed on that one object on

the wall, probably merely nothing, but the fact that he was not allowed to touch it was reason enough for him to gaze at it in wonder.

The sweat pouring down from his forehead, he pulled a chair over to the wall, stood erect on the chair, and, fingers quivering, he thought whether he should just barely touch it or not. He imagined such terrible things as immediate death or dynamite, and these painful thoughts prompted him to put the chair back and continue with his work.

That morning, he found a moment to speak to the boss; he cautiously walked into the office, with a somewhat awkward air, looked out the window at nothing, then turned to the fellow in the manager's chair.

"Oh, by the way, what is that button for? I was just wondering—"

"Is that all you wanted—?" the boss retorted strongly. "Go on out and don't bother me."

Well, that didn't help the curiosity to dwindle away.

Paul thought perhaps the secretary knew what it was. Casually, and as though unconcerned, he questioned the secretary.

"Oh, nothing," she answered, "but get me the sack of reports on the book-keeper's desk, please."

Well, that settled it. If it didn't amount to as much as the snap of the finger, he would investigate the next morning.

He got up extra early that morning and plodded into the office shortly after seven o'clock to start the regular grind. Everything always was to be spick and span by the time the boss arrived, which was usually not until ten or ten-thirty.

That button was still on the wall. It was situated there as though saying mockingly, "Ho-ho! you don't know what I'm for and you're afraid to find out."

Paul moved the chair over to the wall, climbed up on it, and raised his shaking hand towards the button. The perspiration poured from his forehead. His knees knocked. His breath came faster. All over a mere button on the wall.

Gathering all the courage and spotting the door where he could make a safe getaway in the event of disaster, he did the job. He gave the button one firm press.

Well, with that there isn't much more to the story. For ten minutes nothing happened.

Then in walked the boss breathing hard.

"Good morning, aren't you early?" asked Paul.

"Early! Say, what in—so you pressed that button after my warning. I was too busy to tell you why you shouldn't do it; so you were curious enough to press it and find out why you shouldn't press it. Well, that button is connected with a wire to my room which is situated in the next building. It was built as a burglar alarm, but it has been used in extreme emergencies by my secretary. It rings like a siren, long and loud. Are you satisfied now?"

Paul Henning had solved the mystery.

Wanted: One young man for general office work.

SACRIFICE

A Track Story

URBAN E. SIMONS
Member Benson Scribes

Bill Roth pumped his legs for all he was worth as he rounded the last bend of Union High School's cinder path. Only five yards back of Ted was "Speed" Fleming, Union's track captain, and he had always finished eight to ten yards after his teammate!

Bill used his last ounce of strength to pull up on the man whose sweating back bobbed in front of his eyes. He had a hunch he was gaining. Yes, he could tell now. Four yards behind, now two,—too late: Fleming plunged over the line a single step ahead of his pursuer.

Coach Black broke in on the breathless runners.

"Nice going, fellows. We have a good chance to win the district meet next Saturday." He threw an arm around the shoulder of both of them, and together they walked toward the dressing room.

"I've been thinking seriously about that meet," he resumed, "and I have arrived at the conclusion that your race is the one in which we're going to meet the most competition. King, of State, is the favorite; he's the one we've got to beat. King, as you know, is nervous, and it is an easy matter to get him off his stride. To do this is our one hope of winning the race."

Roth was tired from the run, but his heart beat unusually fast as he listened for the coach's next words. He knew only too well what they would be.

"Boys, I had figured on Brown, but now that Brown has quit the squad, one of you will have to run as the "dead horse." Ted, you're captain, and I wouldn't like to see you do it. How about you, Bill?"

Something inside of Bill cried out in protest. This was not fair. Just a few minutes before he had almost tied "Speed" at the finish. Maybe he could win the race next Saturday himself. Coach had said that he could think it over.

Well, after all, he would have more races to run, but this would be Fleming's last.

Roth, waiting to be called out for the mile run, lay streched on the cot in the dressing room. Absently his eyes followed Fleming's pacing figure. The captain was restless.

"You'll be walking a mile before you get on the field," Bill said, humorously.

"I can't sit still," Ted replied, "This is my last race—I've got to win."

Well, Bill reflected, "Speed" was, after all, responsible for the outcome of the race. As for himself,

all he had to do was to run two laps of the race at the same speed he would use in running the half mile; then he could either drop out or finish the race in whatever stride he felt like.

He got up and went through a few motions in order to limber up. He rubbed his muscular legs. He felt great, felt like running several miles.

One of the officials poked his head in the door and yelled, "Milers out. All out for the mile!"

Bill laced his spiked shoes. "Come on, Fleming."

"In, just a minute, Bill". Ted's fingers were shaking.

Coach Black strolled up to meet them. "State is ahead of us by one point. The other schools don't have a chance. If we win this race we will have won the meet. Do your best, fellows, and good luck to you."

Bill took his time about getting set. Before he took his mark he said jokingly to Fleming, "Calm down, Ted. King is supposed to be the nervous wreck, not you."

Fleming forced a laugh. Then his countenance became clouded. "Run him ragged, Bill. I've got to come in first!"

Then they found themselves tensed, waiting for the gun. When the gun went off, Bill went speeding down the track, arms swinging. He fought hard to gain possession of the inside lane. King worked up, obligingly. So far, so good.

Once on the inside lane Bill headed for the first long stretch, his legs pumping swiftly. He had to force himself to keep up this fast pace, as he was trained into the habit of running slower.

The cinders were buoyant to his feet. He still felt like running several miles. He wondered if King were still following him closely. If he were, Bill felt good

He was leading the pack, which was now beginning to string out as the first lap was completed. The people were yelling encouragement to him from the stands. Crowds were easily fooled that way, he mused. Just as soon as you began to pull away from your competitors, they figured you could run that way as long as you wanted to.

He cast a hurried glance over his shoulder. Someone was near him—nearer than anyone should be. Bill's muscles tightened as he tried to increase his speed. If that man were King, his job was done; if not, the race was lost for Union, as he could not hold the rapid pace he was setting much longer.

As he slid by the starting line at the end of the second time around, he saw Coach Black nod at him. He was executing his part all right, then. But suddenly he found himself fighting for breath. His throat was parched, and a knifing pain stabbed him through the heart. He must slow down! He couldn't afford to give up, although he might have to.

A shout went up from the stands, and Bill glanced over his shoulder. King and Fleming had overtaken him. The thought gave Bill comfort.

Then came the final lap. Roth was surprised that he was still running, but as long as his legs moved mechanically up and down he guessed he might as well finish the race. His lead was being cut down. "Speed"

Fleming was in second place, closely followed by King, of State. The other runners were struggling for the next choices.

Speed ought to be passing him now. Yes, there he was. Bill heard the crunch of spikes in the pulverized rocks. Still, what if those spikes were not those of Fleming, but those of King?

Swinging his arms desperately, he forged ahead. He was gasping loudly; perhaps he would be physically ruined for awhile, but, if that were King behind, the race and the meet would undoubtedly be lost. He must keep up his pace!

The runner was pulling up now. It was Fleming, Fleming who wanted so badly to win the race! They were shoulder to shoulder now and the captain was looking straight ahead with eyes glued to the tape. Bill glanced at his teammate and noticed how mightily he was struggling to win the race.

Fifteen yards, ten yards. Bill felt a surge of energy pass through his body and he lurched forward, slightly ahead of his teammate. Five yards, Roth was still leading. Fleming couldn't possibly catch him now; or—there wasn't time enough.

Suddenly he began to reason the situation out. Was he doing the right thing in winning the race? Yes, he thought he was. Still, as a true sportsman, he must give "Speed" the benefit of the doubt. Yes, he must let him win, but how was he to throw the race? He couldn't slow down because that would be a reflection on him as a sprinter. Ah, a plan.

Bill pitched forward to the cinders. He scrambled immediately to his feet, but was too late. "Speed" had broken the tape, and the best Bill could do was end up a scant yard behind him. King was next, finishing a bad third.

Everything turned to oblivion for Bill. When he returned to consciouness, he was lying on the cot in the dressing room. Ted Fleming and Coach Black were there, too.

"The best race you've ever run," Coach said to Bill, "You pulled King out the second time around." So saying, he left the milers alone.

Captain "Speed" Fleming broke the silence. "You ran a great race, Bill."

"Thanks," replied Bill, "I'm glad you won."

"I'm glad you let me. First you made King drop out; then you let me dash in ahead of you. I ought to tell the coach that was a fake fall you pulled off. You, by rights, won the race. I didn't deserve to win."

"Pipe down," said Bill, grinning, "I wasn't supposed to win."

AUTOMOTIVE GOLF

ILO RANDOLPH
Benson Scribes

There have been so many changes and improvements of late on the ancient and royal pastime known as golf that I have taken it upon myself to set aside a group of rules and regulations, whereby this new phase of the game, to be known as Automotive Golf, may be played and enjoyed to the fullest extent.

The game is played on any thoroughfare or in a business district where there is an abundance of manholes, and where plenty of lusty competition may be found.

A few remarks should be made in regard to preparation and equipment necessary. This will consist of a new or slightly used gas buggy, and a pedestrian which may be found on almost any street. You may find a traffic policeman who will be very much pleased to be your caddy, and though he may use language which is somewhat mature for a caddy, he will always give you the right club.

In picking out a satisfactory pedestrian, always keep in mind that short fat ones roll and bounce well, while tall thin ones are halfway to the manhole when knocked down.

The score may be kept by streets and marked down by making scratches on the dashboard with a nail.

Now I must say a few words about your game. The first thing to do after you have spotted your pedestrian about a block away, is to take your stance at the wheel, throw out the clutch, and catch him on the jump and follow through. If your bumper and fenders are bent at the right angle, you will not be troubled with hooking. It is best to use balloon tires, as this keeps an amateur player from slicing the pedestrian on his drives.

Every golfer should have a full knowledge of the various clubs and their uses, for that is one of the most important items of the game. The first club to be used is of course the driver, and you are it. So remember all the seven thousand six hundred and forty-three things the salesman told you about driving and I'll guarantee you won't miss a thing on the highway. Next is the brassie. Your caddy traffic cop will tell you all about how much brass you have so we won't go into that here. The spoon is necessary when you come to scoop the pedestrian out of the manhole after you have taken about six strokes at him. The mashie, a club which is most extensively used on the asphalt, will give you the best results if you do not try to get too much altitude out of the gutter. The putter, being a club for short distances only, will not be necessary in this game.

The most important rules of this game are as I have enumerated them in the order in which they appear below.

RULE NO. 53,782:—Courtesy to an opponent.

Do not honk your horn when an opponent is sneaking up on a pedestrian as this unnerves your opponent and is apt to warn the pedestrian.

RULE NO. 68,427:—Honours.

The player who has the honour from the last hole should be allowed to play through the green signal first.

RULE NO. 75,883:—A moving pedestrian.

A player may not strike a pedestrian while he is rolling after a stroke but must wait till he stops rolling and gets his breath. He may not hit him more than once in the same place. Any breach of this rule will result in the loss of the hole, as well as the pedestrian.

RULE NO. 80,006:—Fixed objects.

A player shall not move, break, or bend such fixed objects as lamp posts, telephone poles, or mail boxes in order to get at the pedestrian.

RULE NO. 87,467:—Replace divots.

Do not forget to replace all divots such as fire plugs, or ash cans, as it is to the public benefit that we have the beauty of our asphalt courses preserved.

RULE NO. 97,239:—Pedestrian out of bounds.

A pedestrian is out of bounds when he has been knocked over a fence, to the sidewalk, through a window or into an excavation. In this case you pick another pedestrian and play another street.

A penalty was incurred by a player in a match last season which is illustrated as a lesson to others. A chicken was slowly meandering across the highway, when a player took a run at it. He hit it squarely and knocked it into a drainage canal which is used instead of a manhole in the wide open country of the West. He was thereupon credited with a "birdie", but lost the match on a fowl.

In conclusion, I will say to those ardent miniature fans that Austins are very popular this year in miniature Automotive Golf circles. Small children may be prevailed upon to co-operate in the position of the pellet.

ITS ALL IN THE STATE OF MIND

If you think you are beaten, you are,
  If you think you dare not, you don't,
If you'd like to win, but think you can't,
  It's almost a cinch you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you've lost.
  For out in the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will;
  It's all in the state of mind.

Full many a race is lost,
  Ere ever a step is run,
And many a coward fails,
  Ere even his work's begun.

Think big and your deeds will grow.
  Think small and you'll fall behind.
Think that you can and you will;
  It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are;
  You've got to think high to rise.
You've got to be sure of yourself before
  You even can win a prize.

Life's battles don't always go
  To the strongest or fastest man,
But sooner or later the man who wins
  Is the fellow who thinks he can.

—*Cottonyarns.*

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Say When

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Employment Agent: "What kind of job are you looking for?"
Applicant: "Oh, striking a gong in a greenhouse every time a century plant blooms."

"What is dust?"
"Mud with the juice squeezed out of it."

Tick: "If a man smashed a clock, could he be convicted of killing time?"
Tock: "Not if the clock struck first."

Jack: "Here's some candy. Sweets for the sweet."
Jill: "Thank you. Here are some nuts."

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It takes 1,500 nuts to put a car together, but it takes only one to scatter it all over the road.

Employer—to fired office Boy: "Why are you back? Didn't you read my letter?"
Boy: "I read it all right; inside it said "You are fired," but outside it said "Return in five days."

"Come here; are you hard of h e a r i n g, waiter?
"A little bit, sir."
"I thought so, I asked for liver, not leather."

Teacher: What is the l a r g e s t river in Egypt?
Student: The Nile is the largest.
Teacher: Now name o n e o f its smaller tributaries.
Student: Well, that must be juvenile.
Parting advice—A little water and a comb.

Inquisitive one: "Where d i d those large rocks come from?"
Tired Guide: "The glaciers brought them
I. O.: "But where are the glaciers?"
T. G.: "They have gone back after more rocks."

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"What's the meaning of 'abstract' and of 'concrete'?"
"If my wife promises to make a cake, that's 'abstract'; but if she makes it, that's 'concrete'."

"I shouldn't have eaten that missionary,"
Said the cannibal king with a frown,
"I'm going to prove the proverb old—
'You can't keep a good man down.'"

Professor—"What do you consider the greatest achievement of the Romans?"
Latin Student—"Speaking Latin."

"Dear prof., could you give me a good definition of an absent-minded person?"
"An absent-minded person is one who thinks he has left his watch at home and takes it out to see if he has time to go home and get it."

Two Irishman were excavating for a new building, when an interested spectator asked:
"How is it, Pat, although you and Mike started work together he has a bigger pile of earth than you?"
"Sure," was the quick answer, "he's digging a bigger hole."

HAIRCUTTING

CHARACTER is what WE ARE,
REPUTATION is what PEOPLE
THINK WE ARE:
REPUTATION is FIRST essential
to SUCCESS and CHARACTER to
keep it GOING;
FEW recognize CHARACTER in the
rough——as FEW recognize a
DIAMOND in the rough;
THEREFORE; GRIND off the rough
and GAIN REPUTATION and SUCCESS
with the FIRST step; a GOOD
HAIR-CUT.
THE BETTER THE HAIR-CUT,
THE BIGGER THE GAIN.

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The June bride walked briskly into the market and said, "I want a half pound of mince meat and please cut it off a nice tender mince."

Professor: "What does 'rex bugit' mean?"
Boy: "The king flees."
Prof.: "Make it a perfect tense by using has."
Boy: "The king has flees."

Teacher: "How old would a person be who was born in 1898?"
Bright Boy: "Man or woman?"

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"Doctor, I am going to die."
"What makes you think that?"
"I just broke my lifetime fountain pen."

A man on the train put his shoes out for the porter to shine, and in the morning found one tan shoe and one black shoe. Asking the porter about it the porter answered: "Sorry sah, but that is the second time that has happened this morning, sah."

"Were you very ill with the flu, Rastus?"
"Ill? Man, ah was so sick dat every night ah looked in dat er casualty list fo' my name.

Sam: Say, what made you give up singing in the choir?
Bob: I was absent one Sunday and the people thought that the organ had been repaired.

"I've got a new way to travel."
"How's that?"
"Just take my golf clubs and drive around."

Teacher: How many make a dozen?
Class: Twelve.
Teacher: How many make a million?
Bright Pupil: Very few.

25 HOT HOUSES

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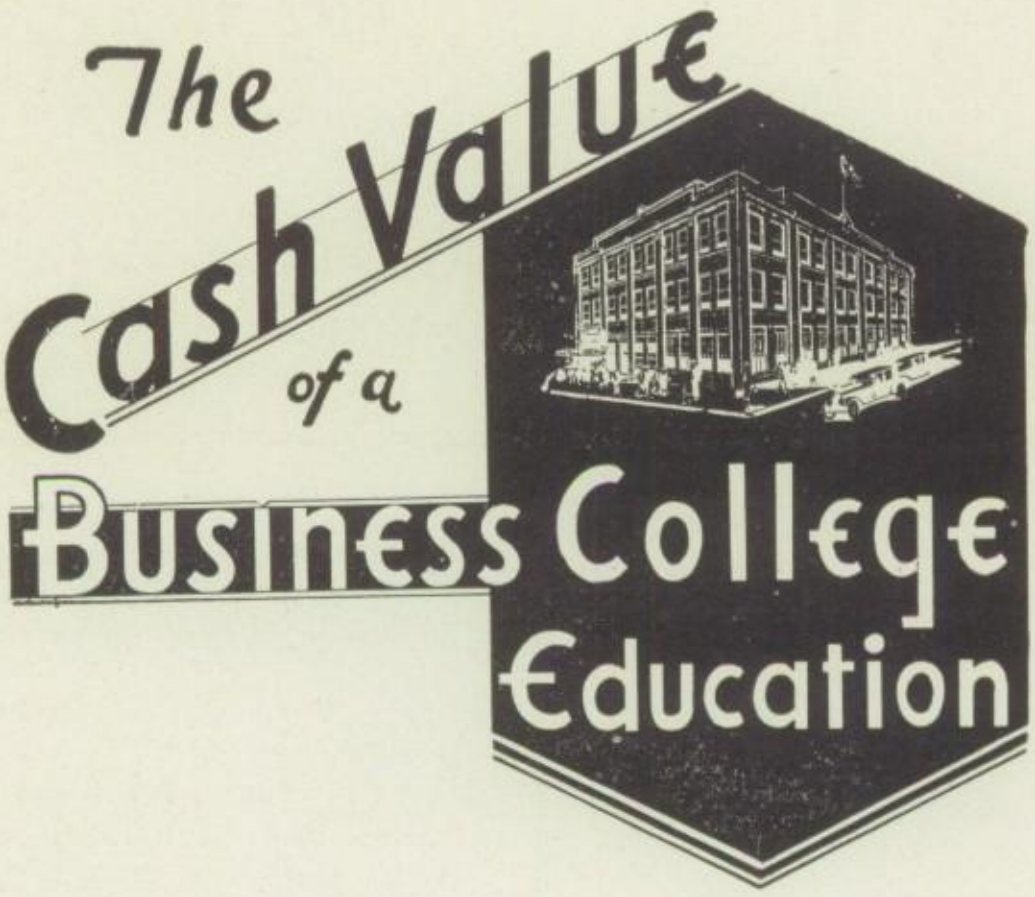

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MODERN DAYS

First Indian: Let's go on the war-path.
Second ditto: Can't; it's being paved, and there's a Detour sign up.

English Boy: Have you aristocrats in your country?
American Boy: What are aristocrats?
English Boy: Aristocrats are people who don't work and their fathers didn't work, and their fathers' fathers didn't work.
American Boy: We have them in our country, but we don't call them aristocrats; we call them "bums."

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Chemistry teacher: "Name a liquid that will not freeze."
Student: "Hot water."
Mother: "What makes you think there is no Santa Claus?"
Little Boy: "Cause before Christmas I put a mouse trap in my stocking and the next morning daddy had his finger tied up.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

Go! And never darken my bathtub again.

"How do you play hookey from the Correspondence School?"
"Send them an empty envelope."

Confused shopper: I want a pair of spec-rimmed hornicles—I mean sporn-rimmed hectacles—I mean heck-rimmed sporn-acles—
Floor walker: I know what you mean, sir. Mr. Brown, show the gtntleman a pair of rim-sporned hictacles.

"Heard of the latest poison?"
"No, what is it?"
"Airplane poisoning. One drop is sufficient."

He—"I just got a letter from home."
She—"Good! Let's spend it."

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The Pennant Shop

CHENILLE LETTERS

School-Club
Letters

Security Building
Room 225 2nd Floor
Fifth and Pine

Customer: "I didn't ask the butcher for fish."

Boy: "But, lady, on the list he has it marked "COD."

"I don't see how that referee can keep so cool."

"That's easy. Look at all the fans around him."

"Does the early bird a l w a y s get the worm?"

"No, I bought the last apple Tony had, and I got the worm."

Teacher: "This essay on "Our Dog" is word for word like your brother's essay."

Small boy: "Yes, sir, its the same dog."

First Young Fish: "Why aren't you with the school today?"

Second Young Fish (taking another nibble at the bait): Can't y o u see I'm playing hookey."

Customer: "These eggs aren't fresh.

Grocer: "Not fresh? Why the boy brought them from the country this morning."

Customer: What country?"

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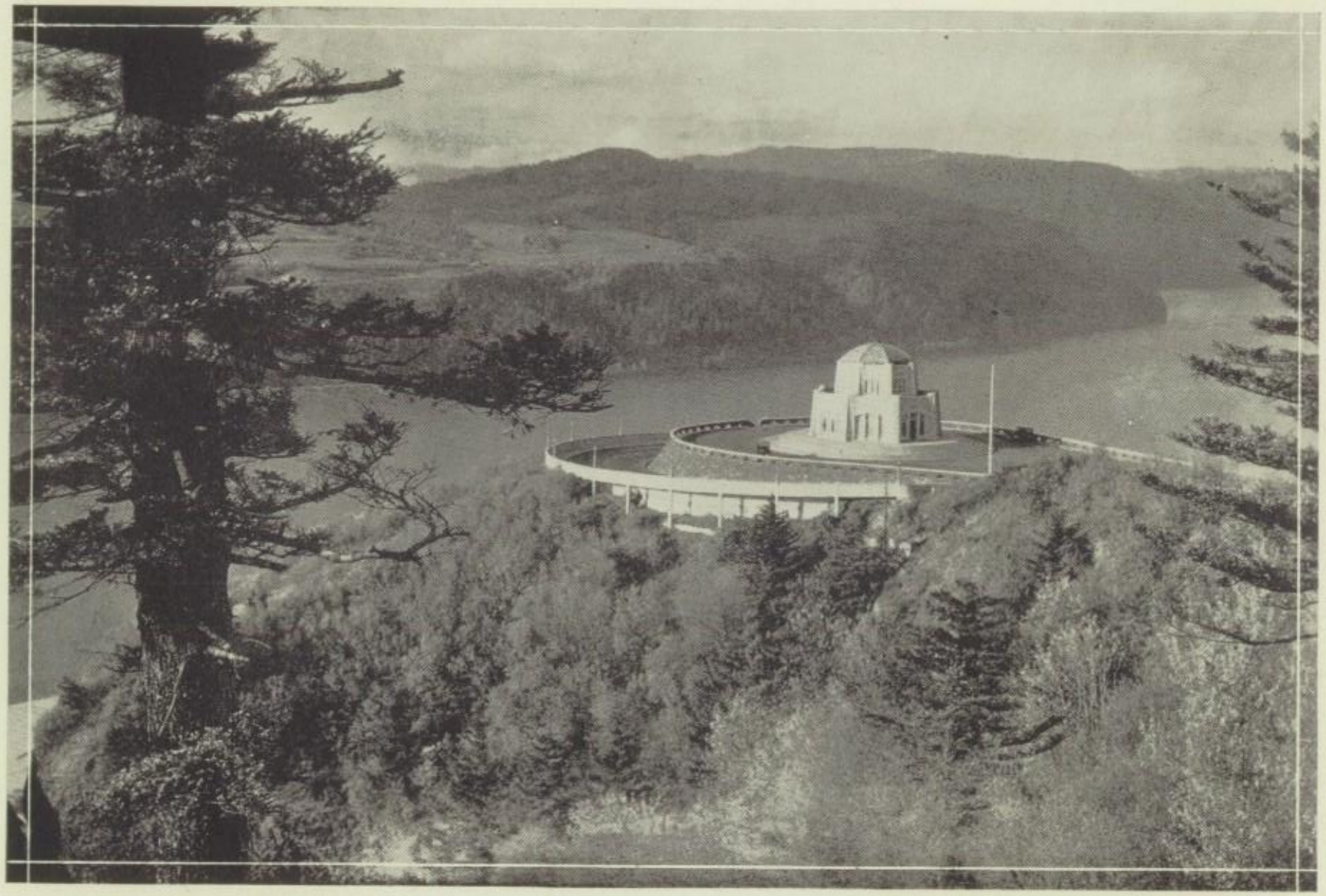
Highway



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